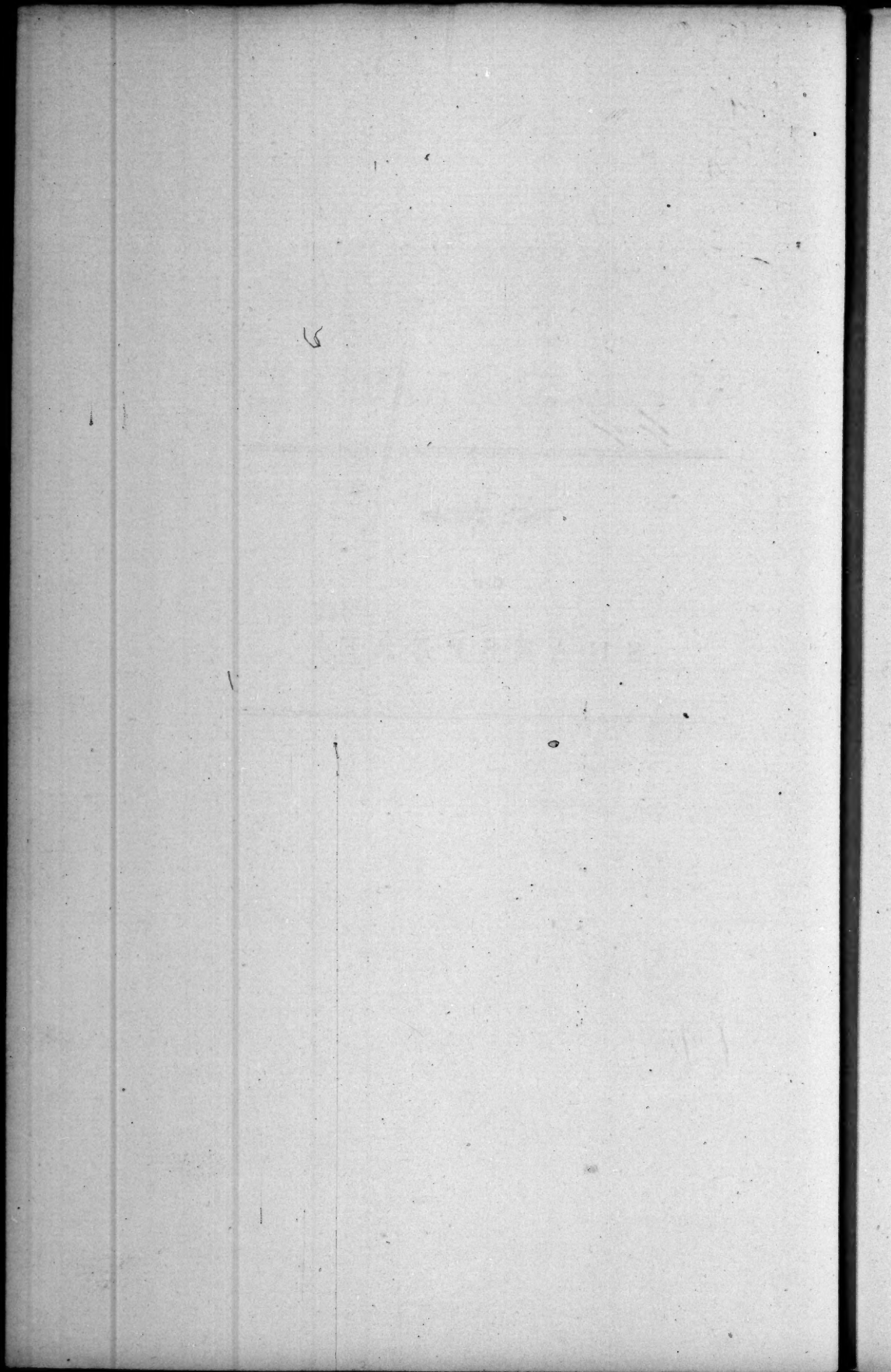

Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.



THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
OF
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators ;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Sixteenth.

CONTAINING
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

LONDON:
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M DCC LXXXVIII.

THE

WILLIAM SHILL



Bell's Edition.

JULIUS CÆSAR,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of

JOHN BELL, ~~British-Library~~, STRAND.

MDCCCLXXXV.

THE CHURCH

JULIUS C. SARR

BY

WILL SHAKSPERE

First published in 1709

Second edition 1719

Third edition 1724

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

JULIUS CÆSAR.

IT appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious Historical Pieces*, &c. (appended to his *Memoirs, &c. of Oliver Cromwell*), p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject had been written. "Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiiit ea res, acta in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a magistro Ricardo Eedes et scriptus et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time. STEEVENS.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of *Julius Cæsar*. It may be presumed that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for lord Sterline, when he composed his *Julius Cæsar*, was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatic writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

Mr.

Mr. Steevens has produced from *Darius*, another play of this writer's, some lines so like a celebrated passage of Shakspeare in the *Tempest*, Act III. that the one must, I apprehend, have been copied from the other. Lord Sterline's *Darius* was printed at Edinburgh in 1603, and his *Julius Cæsar* in 1607, at a time when he was but little acquainted with English writers; for they abound with Scoticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither the *Tempest*, nor the *Julius Cæsar* of our author, was printed till 1623.

It must be also remembered, that our author has several plays, founded on subjects which had been unsuccessfully treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Henry V.* *King Lear*, *Measure for Measure*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, the *Merchant of Venice*, and perhaps *Macbeth**: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds it appears more probable that Shakspeare was indebted to lord Sterline, than that lord Sterline borrowed from Shakspeare. If this reasoning be just, this play could not have appeared before the year 1607.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar*, Mr. Upton observes, is as follows: About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, the festival of Luperci was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year he was killed. Nov. 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their savage proscription.—A. U. C. 711. Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi. MALONE.

* See Dr. Farmer's observation on *Macbeth*.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffected, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of*
M. ANTONIUS, } *Julius Cæsar.*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }
CICERO, } *Senators.*
PUBLIUS, }
POPILIUS LENA, }
BRUTUS, }
CASSIUS, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
CASCA, }
TREBONIUS, }
LIGARIUS, }
DECIUS BRUTUS, }
METELLUS CIMBER, }
CINNA, }
FLAVIUS, } *Tribunes.*
MARULLUS, }
ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnides.*
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, *a Poet: Another Poet.*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *Young CATO, and*
VOLUMNIUS. *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS; *Servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

WOMEN.

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*
PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *for the three first Acts, at Rome: afterwards at an*
Island near Mutina; at Sardis; and near Philippi.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street. Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flavius.

HENCE ; home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

Car. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?—
You, sir ; what trade are you ?

Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler. 11

Mar. But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a
safe conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of
bad soles.

Bij

Flav.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: Yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

20

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

30

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,

40

To

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ? 50
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Be gone ;
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
 fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream 61
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd ;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
 This way will I ; Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so ?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images 70
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

And

And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick,
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the Course ;
 CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRU-
 TUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, a Soothsayer, &c.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

80

Calph. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord,

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember :

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

90

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out,

Sooth. Cæsar:

Cæs.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware of the ides of
March. 100

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

[Sennet. Exeunt CÆSAR, and Train.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. 111

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look, 120
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one);
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men. 130

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath
bury'd

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye, 140
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself 150
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting 160
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other, 170
And I will look on both indifferently:

C

For,

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of 'honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

180

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,*

And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

190

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is

200

A wretched

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books, 210
Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestick world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men 220
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Cij

Write

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. 231
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of
 Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough, 240
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you, 250
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than

Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words 260
Have struck but this much shew of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve :
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so :—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes, 270
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is,

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given. 281

Cas. Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do

I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:
 Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit 290
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

Manent BRUTUS and CASSIUS: CASCA to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you
 speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
 That Cæsar looks so sad. 301

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had
 chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and
 being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his
 hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Cas.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for ? 319

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it gentle Casca. 318

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost chok'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air. 335

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon ?

Casca.

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness. 341

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less. 361

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca.

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 374

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; Farewel both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? 382
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will, 392
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,

D

Thy

Thy honourable metal may be wrought
 From that it is dispos'd : Therefore 'tis meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
 For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
 He should not humour me. I will this night, 402
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

*A Street. Thunder and Lightning. Enter CASCA, his
 Sword drawn ; and CICERO, meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar
 home ? 410

Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of
 earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen

The

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven ; 420
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction,

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by, 430
Without annoying me : And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural ;
For, I believe, they are portentous things 440
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time ;
But men may construe things after their fashion,

Dij Clean

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

451

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night ;

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

460

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
 That should be in a Roman, you do want, 470
 Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
 And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
 But if you would consider the true cause,
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
 Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
 Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality; why, you shall find, 480
 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol:
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are. 490

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not,
 Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
 Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy. 500

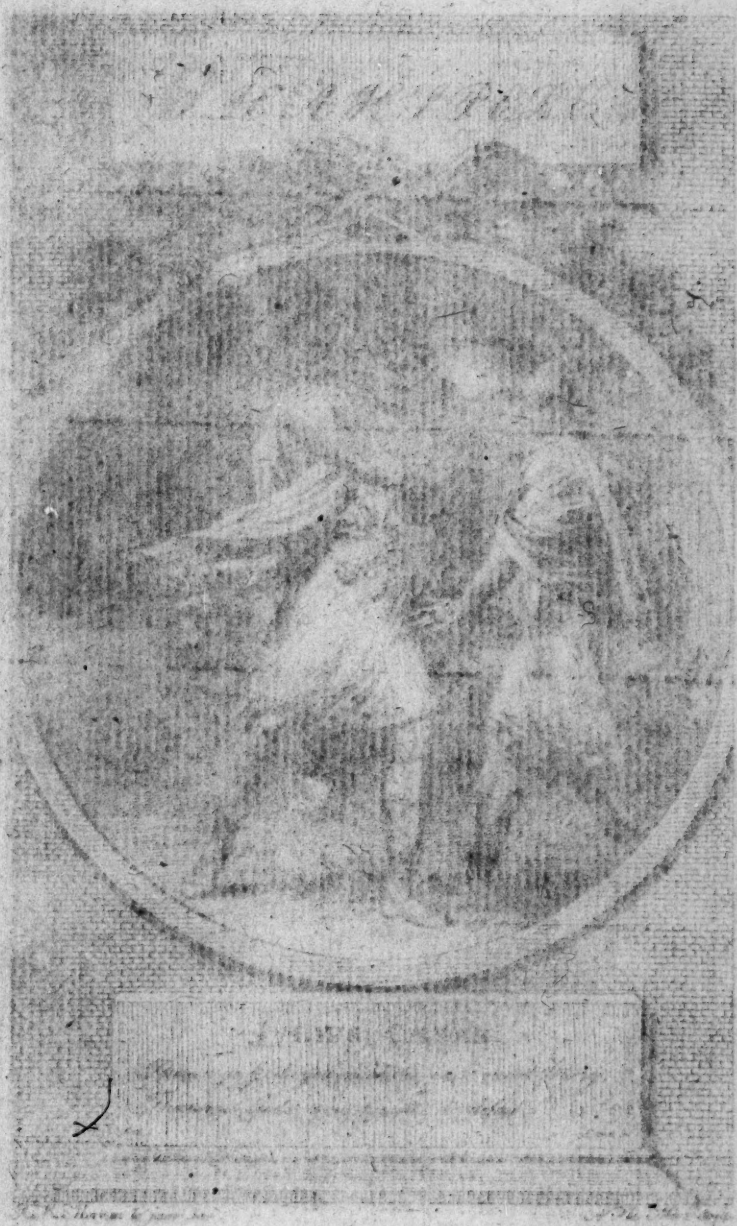
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides, 510
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep :
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire, 520
Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, O, grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made : But I am arm'd,

And

2



From the Dr. J. H. M. D. Patrick Library, Boston, June 20th, 1928.

IN A K. I. P. E. R. E.



JULIUS CAESAR.

*Thou art, ye Gods, you make the weak must strong,
Thou art, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat.*

Act 3.

Scene 3.

J. N. Moreau le jeune Inv.

A. Le Hire Sculp.

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand, June 10th 1785.

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca : and to such a man,
That is no flearing tell-tale. Hold my hand : 530
Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets ; 541
And the complexion of the element,
It favours like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you : Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ? 550

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this ?
There's two or three of us have seen strange
sights.

Cas.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are: O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax 560
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire 570
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BRUTUS, in his Orchard.

Brutus.

WHAT, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—

When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him, 11

But for the general. He would be crown'd:—

How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—

That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,

That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd 20

E

More

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back ;
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented, 30
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischiev-
 ous ;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the Letter, and reads.]

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself.

Shall

Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

50

Shall Rome—Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!

Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocks within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody

knocks.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar, 61

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Eij

Re-enter

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,

And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day, 82

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspi-
racy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METEL-
LUS, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.

Know I these men, that come along with you? 92

Cas.

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here,
But honours you : and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

100

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? *[They whisper.]*

Dec. Here lies the east : Doth not the day break
here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth : and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

110

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : If not the face of men, 120
The

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
 And every man hence to his idle bed;
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? what other bond, 130
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits, 140
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

150

Met.

2

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

160

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:— I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should out live Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius

Cassius,

170

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ; 180
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm, 190
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :

For, in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar, —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself ; take thought, and die for Cæsar :
 And that were much he should ; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. 200

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion he held once.
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :

It

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night, 210
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
 He says, he does; being then most flattered.
 Let me work: 220

For I can give his humour the true bent;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 231

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave
 you, Brutus:—
 And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
 What you have said, and shew yourselves true Ro-
 mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
 Let not our looks put on our purposes;

But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
 And so, good-morrow to you every one. [Exeunt.]

Manet BRUTUS.

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ; 240
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

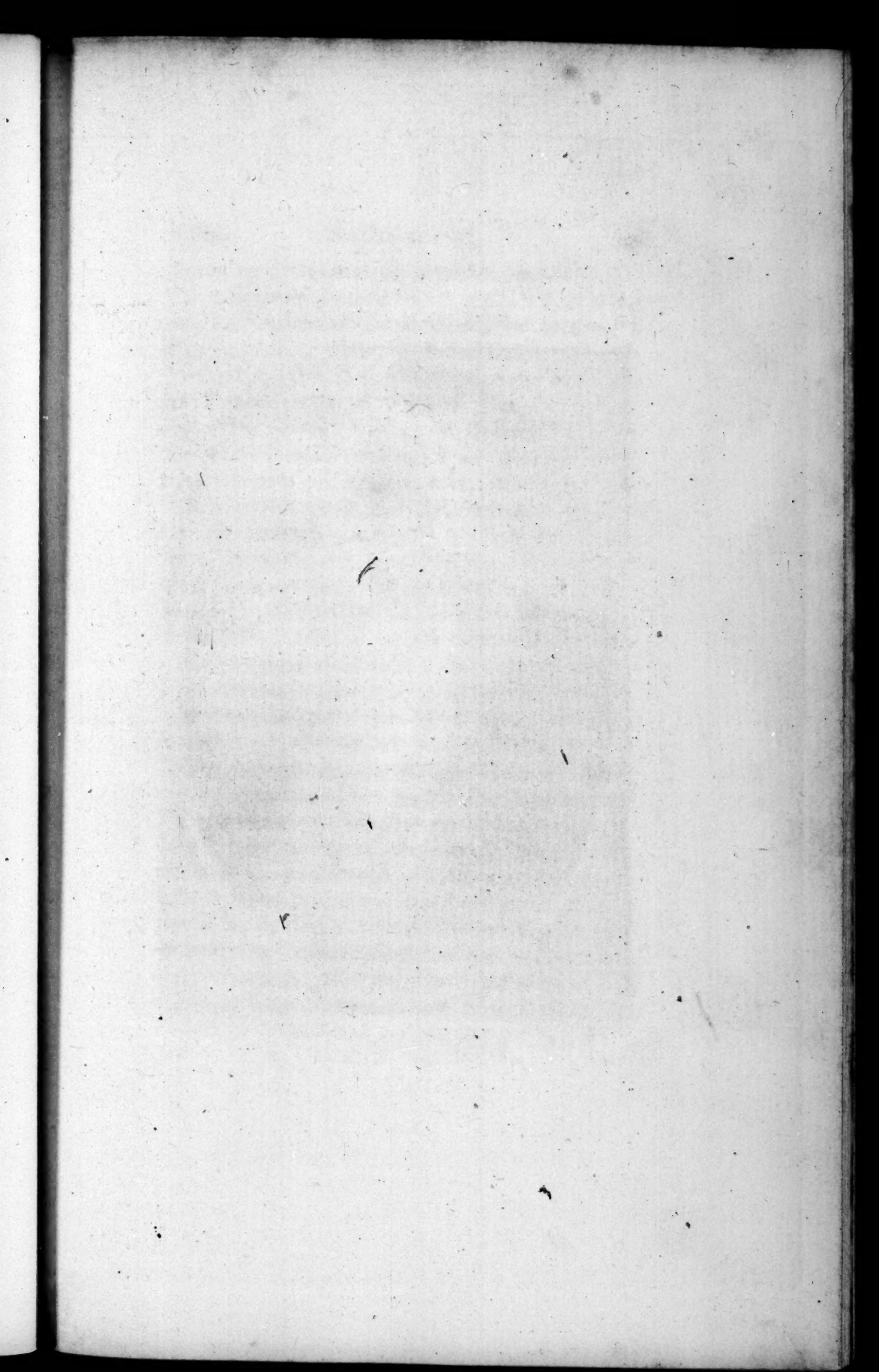
Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you
 now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
 Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, 251
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience, 260

Which



Act 2.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Scene I



Randery del.

C. Shaw in Engraver to his Majesty's July.

M^{rs} WARD in PORTIA.

Dear my Lord,

Make me acquainted with your Cause of Grief.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand June 24th 1785.

Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
 Supposing it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man;

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;

And, could it work so much upon your shape,

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

But I am well in health, and this I know.

What cause it is, which does convert your looks,

I cannot dream of. I'll be sworn, it comes by it.

Why, so I do. I know not what it is.

Is Brutus sick? or is it physical?

To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours

Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night,

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air

To enter into his sickness? No, my Brutus;

You have some sick offence within your mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,

I ought to know of. And, upon my knees,

I charm you, by my once commended beauty,

By all your powers of love, and that great vow

Which did incorporate and make us one,

That you unfold to me, yourself, your mind,

Why you are heavy, and what musing fits

Have had resort to you: for here have been

Some six or seven, who did here lie, their faces

Even from darkness.



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Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it. 271

Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind, 280
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy : and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you : for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness. 290

F ij

Bru.

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

320

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows :—

Leave me with haste.

[Exit PORTIA.]

Enter LUCIUS, and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks ?

Lig. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief ? 'Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand 331

Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome !

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible ;

340

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

350

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CÆSAR'S Palace. Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-Gown.

Cas. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cas. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You

You shall not stir out of your house to-day. 360

Cas. Cæsar shall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, 370
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cas. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions 380
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cas. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ? 390

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ; 400
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, ~~I~~ am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home. 410

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar :

I come

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?

420

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth ?—
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home : 430

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;

It was a vision, fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 440

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now ; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say, 452
Break up the senate 'till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid ? \

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
phurnia ? 460

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go :—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock ?

47^o

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cas. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up :—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cas. Bid them prepare within :—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus :—What, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

Remember that you call on me to-day :

48^o

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cas. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon ! [*Excunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street near the Capitol. Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation. 500
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the same Street. Enter PORTIA, and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. 511

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that? 520

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast thou
been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol? 530

Sooth.

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to-
wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels, 540
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there,
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord; 550
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Street, and then the Capitol; the Senate sitting.
Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CAS-
CA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA,
ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ARTEMIDORUS, POPILIUS,
PUBLIUS, and the Soothsayer.*

Cæsar.

THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first: for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cas. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cas. What, is the fellow mad? 10

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.]

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him. 20

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANT. and TREB.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar. 31

Bru. He is address: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant,
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.
An humble heart:—

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies, 40
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel-blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-

Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. 50
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
 Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeat

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: 60
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
 But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true-fixt, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumb'red sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place: 70
 So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, even in this;

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cas. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus? 80

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me. [*They stab CÆSAR.*

Cas. *Et tu, Brute?*——Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!——

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid. 90

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing:—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius. 99

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd :
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures :—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 110

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty! 120

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along.
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth? 130
Hij *Cas.*

Cas. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ; 140
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse. 151
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may : but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still

Falls

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low? 161
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, 170
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands, 180
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony :

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities. 191

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;— 200
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Me-
tellus ;—

Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentleman all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death, 210
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most

Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave
 hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe. 220
 O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.--
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie ?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
 But what compact mean you to have with us ? 230
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, in-
 deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar 240
 You

You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :

And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.——

You know not what you do ; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral : 250
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;—

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong. 260

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

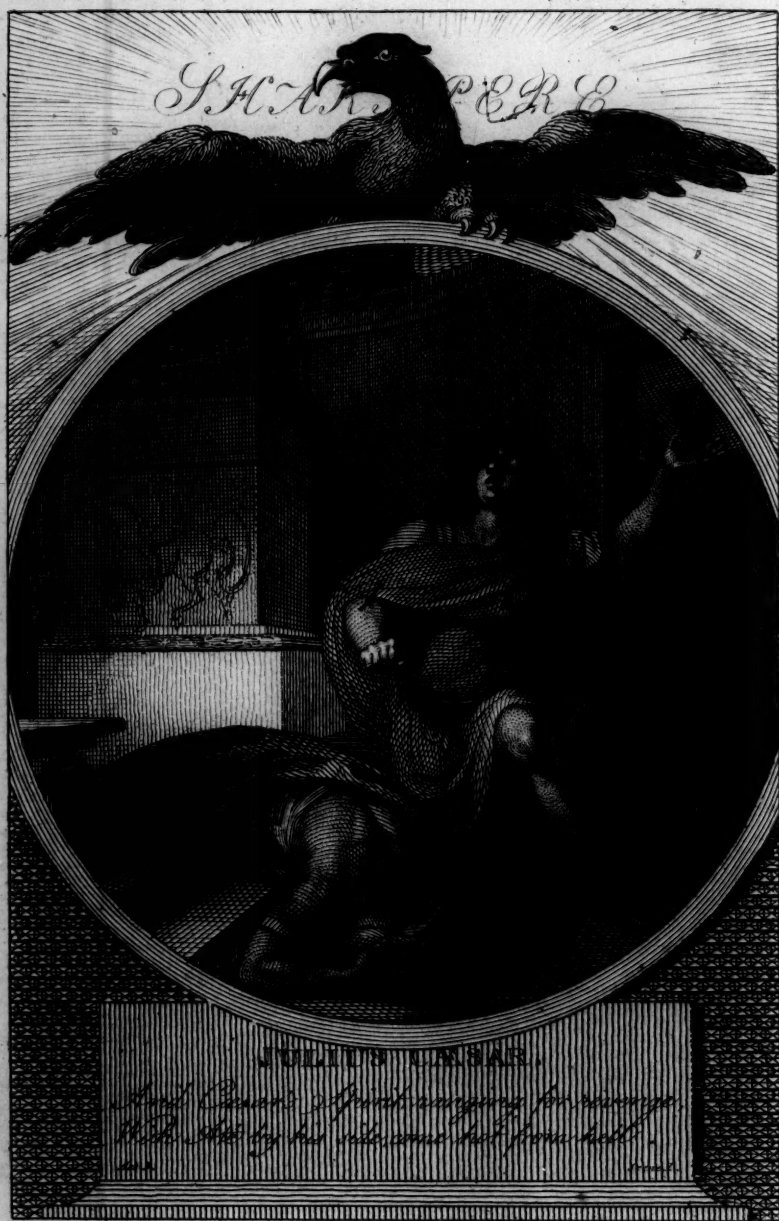
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended,

Ant. Be it so ;

270

I do



Rhambury del.

J. Sharp, sculp.

London Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand July n^o 1785.

I do desire no more.

Brut. Prepare the body then; and follow us.

[Exeunt Conspirators]

Manet ANTONY.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the side of time.
Wee to the hand that shed this costly blood
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;— 28
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell, 29
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

I.



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I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators*

D

Manet ANTONY.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;— 280
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
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And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell, 290
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

I

Serv.

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!—

[*Seeing the Body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes, 302
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse 310
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S Body.*]

SCENE II.

*The Forum. Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, with the
Plebeians.*

Pleb. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

320

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their rea-
sons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Plebeians;*

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

329

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe
me for mine honour; and have respect to mine ho-
nour, that you may believe: censure me in your
wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the
better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any
dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus'
love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that
friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this
is my answer,—Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that
I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were
living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were
dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I
weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it;

as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There are tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

353

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death, is enroll'd in the Capitol : his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter MARK ANTONY, &c. with CÆSAR's Body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; As which of you shall not ? With this I depart ; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live ! live !

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

370

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Pleb.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make. 381
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all. 390

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.

We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them; 400
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest:
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me: 410
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal, 420
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You

You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?—
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me; 430
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his say-
 ings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
 the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious. 439

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
 Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men: 450
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than

Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, 460
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad : 470
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Pleb.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony
 You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?
 I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament ! 480
 2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers: The will I read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?—
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round. 490

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through!

See, what a rent the envious Casca made: 501

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab, 510

K Ingratitude,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops. 520
 Kind soils, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : Revenge : About,—
 Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor
 live. 530

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Pleb.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
 with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
 you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That

That made them do it; they are wise, and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. 540

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths! 550

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
speak. 559

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

K ij

All.

All. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Pleb. Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his death.

3 Pleb. O royal Cæsar! 570

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 Pleb. Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place, 580
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Pleb. Go, fetch fire.

3 Pleb. Pluck down benches.

4 Pleb. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the Body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,
fellow?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house. 590

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Street. Enter CINNA the Poet, and after him, the
Plebeians.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy;
I have no will to wander forth of doors, 600
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best. 609

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend. 620

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator. 630

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus' and to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius: away; go. [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

On a small Island near Mutina. Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS.

ANTONY.

THESE many then shall die ; their names are
prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too must die ; Consent you,
Lepidus ?

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies. 10

Lep. What, shall I find you here ?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it ?

Octa. So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
 And though we lay these honours on this man, 21
 To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
 To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
 And graze in commons.

Octa. You may do your will ; 30
 But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
 I do appoint him store of provender.
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
 A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations ; 40
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
 out ;

And let us presently go sit in council,

How

How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

50

Ota. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis. Drum.
Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, and Soldiers: TITI-
NIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers, 61
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd. 69

L

Luc.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle; 80
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
ter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within,

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS, and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along. 90

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs;

And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content, 99

Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground. 108

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Inside of BRUTUS' Tent. Enter BRUTUS, and
CASSIUS.*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in
this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

L ij

Bru.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself 120
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member! 130

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. 140

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,

Older

Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

151

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, 'till your proud
heart break;

Go shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods, 161
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men. 170

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said,

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not. 180

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for,
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, 190
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me : Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

200

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults. 210

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart 221
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike as thou did'st at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou did'st hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour. 230

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,

Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too, 240

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave
me,

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*A Noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone. 251

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter

Enter POET.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you generals; what do you mean?

Love and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion. 260

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?—
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[Exit POET.]

Enter LUCILIUS, and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.

[Exeunt LUCILIUS, and TITINIUS.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so
angry. 270

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

M

Bru.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence; 280

And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. 292

Re-enter TITINIUS, and MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome good Messala.—

New

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi. 300

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of out-lawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators,

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one? 310

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true. 320

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Mij

Bru.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Mes-
sala :

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently ? 330

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ; 340
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends, 350
 Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe :
 The enemy increaseth every day,
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures. 360

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ; we will along
 Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity ;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit. Luc.*] Farewel,
 good Messala ;—
 Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble, Cassius, 370
 Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
 This was an ill beginning of the night :
 Never come such division 'tween our souls !
 Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every onc. *[Exeunt.]* 380

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO, and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by 390

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two? 400

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you,

Bru.

Bru. It does, my boy :
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again :
I will not hold thee long ; if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, 412
That plays thee musick ?—Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :—
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see ;—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes, 420
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me :—Art thou any thing ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [Exit Ghost.]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest : 43*

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cryd'st out? 44°

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou did'st : Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing? 45°

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Plains of Philippi. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
and their Army.*

Octavius.

Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face, 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;

N

Their

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Ocla. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? 20

Ocla. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, &c.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Ocla. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Ocla. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows? Is it so countrymen?

Ocla. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Oc-
tavius. 30

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, 40
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd. 50

Oclā. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make
us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, 'till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oclā. So I hope; 60
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such ho-
nour,

Nij

Join'd

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Octa. Come, Antony; away.—

Defiance traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs. 70

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

[*LUCILIUS, and MESSALA, stand forth.*]

[*BRUTUS speaks apart to LUCILIUS.*]

Luc. My lord.

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness, that against my will, 80

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away, and gone; 90

And,

And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so Lucilius. 100

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age;
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death 110
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru.

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman, 120

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ; 130
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come !
But, it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side : [Loud alarm.
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive

But

But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow. 140
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS, and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ; 150
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look,
Titinius ;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And

And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy. 160

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pind. [*above.*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about 170
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him ;
now,

Titinius !—Now some 'light :—O, he 'lights too :—
He's ta'en ;—and, hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life, 180
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath ;

Now

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius ! 190
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ? 200

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. 210

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child !

O

Why

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed, 220
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit MES.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; 230
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part;
Come Cassius' sword, and ~~and~~ Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet! 240
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low Alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!—

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.— 250

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Enter BRUTUS,
CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
me?

Oij

I will

I will proclaim my name about the field: 260
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
 Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
 [Exit.

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
 Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;
 And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die: 270
 There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
 [Offering Money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
 I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus: 280
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead :
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field. Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius !

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

300

Cli. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru.

Bru. Why this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me 310
Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit ; [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you ;—and you ;—and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day, 330
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history :
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within.* Fly, fly, fly.
Cli.

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly. [Ex. *CLI. DAR. and VOL.*

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect; 340

Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his Sword, and dies.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the Army.*

Ocl. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him: 350
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Ocl. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Ocl. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it. 360
Mess.

Mess. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man !* 370

Octa. According to his virtue, let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest : and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]

THE END.



ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS

UPON

JULIUS CÆSAR,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

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ANNOTATIONS
UPON
JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

Line 19. **MAR.** *What meanest thou by that?*] As the *Cobler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*.

THEOBALD.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who might properly enough reply to a saucy sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage.

JOHNSON.

The author of **THE REMARKS** would rather give the first speech to *Marullus*, than transfer the last to *Flavius*.

47. —her banks,] As *Tyber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that

“ ———the river of bliss

“ Rolls o’er Elysian flowers *her* amber stream ;”
but he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. STEEVENS.

63. See, *whē’r*] *Whether*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson :

“ Who shall doubt, Donne, *whē’r* I a poet be,

“ When I dare send my epigrams to thee ?”

STEEVENS.

67. ———*deck’d with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar’s trophies*, i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. WARBURTON.

Cæsar’s trophies, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in Sir *Thomas North’s* translation : “—There were set up images of *Cæsar* in the city with diadems on their heads, like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down.”

STEEVENS.

78. This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as *Voltaire* has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. *Velleius Paterculus*, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says,—“ ab his, quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus

jugulatus est, justissimasque optime de se merito viro C. Cæsari pœnas dedit. Cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ, ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, cen-
sebatque æquum, quæ acceperat à Cæsare, retinere, Cæsarem, quia illa dederat, perisse." Lib. ii. c. 64.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of *Plutarch*.

FARMER.

Lord Sterline has committed the same mistake in his *Julius Cæsar*.

MALONE.

82. — *in Antonius' way*.] The old copy generally reads *Antonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramattick pieces formed on the same originals.

STEEVENS.

107. *Sennet*.] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word.

In Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

"Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a *sennet*."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, a *synnet* is called a *flourish of trumpets*, but I know not on what authority. See a note on *King Henry VIII.* act ii. sc. 4.

Sennet may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital.

STEEVENS.

117. ————*strange a hand*] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger.

JOHNSON.

123. *passions of some difference*,] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, act v. scene iii.

“ ————thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

“ *At difference in thee.*” STEEVENS.

135. *The eye sees not itself.*] So, Sir John Davies in his poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*, 1599:

Is it because the mind is like the eye,

Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees;

Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;

Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

Again, in Marston's comedy of the *Fawne*, 1606:

“ Thus few strike sail until they run on self;

“ *The eye sees all things but its proper self.*”

STEEVENS.

156. *To stale with ordinary oaths my love, &c.*] To invite every new protester to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths.

JOHNSON.

171. *And I will look on both indifferently;*] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural?

JOHNSON.

194. *But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,*] The verb *arrive* is used, without the preposition *at*, by Milton

Milton in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, as well as by Shakspeare in the third part of *King Henry VI.* act v.

“ —those powers that the queen

“ Hath rais’d in Gallia have arriv’d our coast.”

And in *Coriolanus*, act ii.

“ —arriving

“ A place of potency.”

STEEVENS.

206. *His coward lips did from their colour fly;*] A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours.

WARBURTON.

214. —*get the start of the majestick world, &c.*]

This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympick games. *The majestick world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar’s great pattern Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympick games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were kings.*

WARBURTON.

229. *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.*] A similar thought occurs in Heywood’s *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

“ What diapason’s more in Tarquin’s name,

“ Than in a subject’s? or what’s Tullia

“ More

"More in the sound, than should become the name

"Of a poor maid?" STEEVENS.

239. *That her wide walls*] The old copy reads *walks*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

243. *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. *Lucius Junius Brutus*. STEEVENS.

244. *—eternal devil—*] L. J. Brutus (says Cassius) *would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a dæmon, as to the lasting government of a king.*

STEEVENS.

255. *—chew upon this;*] Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

258. *Under such hard—*] The old copy reads, *these hard—* STEEVENS.

270. *—ferret—*] A ferret has red eyes.

JOHNSON.

277. *Sleek-headed men, &c.*] So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, 1579: "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him; he answered, as for those fat men and smooth-combed heads (quoth he), I never reckon of them: but those pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again:

"Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time, to his friends, what will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks."

STEEVENS.

282. *Would he were fatter ;—*] Jonson in his *Bartholomew-Fair*, 1614, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman : "*Come, there's no malice in fat folks ; I never fear thee, an I can scape thy lean moon-calf there.*"

WARBURTON.

322. ——— *one of these coronets ;*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch* : "*—he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel.*"

STEEVENS.

351. — *a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanick, one of the plebeians to whom he offer'd his throat.

JOHNSON.

396. *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*

From what it is dispos'd :] The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution.

JOHNSON.

— *Rather, different from ; may be debased.* * * *.

401. *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,*

He should not humour me.] This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude ; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were Brutus* (says he), *and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. The Oxford editor alters the last line to

Cæsar should not love me.

What he means by it is not worth inquiring.

WARBURTON.

B

The

The meaning, I think, is this; *Cæsar loves Brutus*, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. JOHNSON.

410. —*Brought you Cæsar home?*] Did you attend Cæsar home? JOHNSON.

412. —*sway of earth*] The whole weight or momentum of this globe. JOHNSON.

424. *A common slave, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “——a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt.” STEEVENS.

430. *Who glar’d upon me,——*] The first edition reads:

Who glaz’d upon me——

Perhaps, *Who gaz’d upon me.* JOHNSON.

Glar’d is certainly right. To gaze is only to look stedfastly, or with admiration. *Glar’d* has a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion’s eyes: and, that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

461. *Have bar’d my bosom to the thunder-stone, &c.*] So, in *King Lear*, act iv. in the quarto copies:

“To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?”

“In the most terrible and nimble stroke

“Of quick cross lightning?”—

Compare

Compare also Milton's *Arcades*, v. 51.

"And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
"And what the *cross* dire looking planet smites."

WARTON.

476. *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;]*
That is, *Why they deviate* from quality and nature.
This line might perhaps be more properly placed after
the next line :

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;
Why all these things change from their ordinance.

JOHNSON.

477. —*and children calculate ;]* *Calculate* here signifies to foretel or prophesy : for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [*calculate*] for the *genus* [*foretel*].

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare found the liberty established. *To calculate a nativity* is the technical term.

JOHNSON.

There is certainly no prodigy in old men's *calculating* from their past experience. The wonder is, that old men should not, and that children should. I would therefore point thus :

"Why old men fools, and children calculate."

BLACKSTONE.

489. —*prodigious grown,]* *Prodigious* is portentous. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v. line 412, and Note.

STEEVENS.

493. *Have thewes and limbs—*] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength*. It is used by Falstaff in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* and in *Hamlet*.

The two last folios, in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read *sinews*. STEEVENS.

515. —every bondman—bears

The power to cancel his captivity.]

So in *Cymbeline*, act v. line 183. Posthumus speaking of his chains :

“—————take this life,

“And cancel these cold bonds.”

A similar mode of expression to the last occurs in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* :

“Quit me of these cold gyves.” HENLEY.

527. *My answer must be made.*] I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words.

JOHNSON.

530. —Hold my hand :] Is the same as, *Here's my hand*. JOHNSON.

531. *Be factious for redress—*] *Factious* seems here to mean *active*. JOHNSON.

543. *Is fev'rous, like the work—*] The old edition reads :

Is favors, like the work—

I think we should read ;

In favour's like the work we have in hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Favour is *look, countenance, appearance*.

JOHNSON.

To

To *favour* is to *resemble*. Thus Stanyhurst in his translation of the Third Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582 :

"With the petit town gates *favouring* the principal old portes."

We may read *It favours*, or—*Is favour'd*—i. e. is in appearance or countenance like, &c. STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 1. — *IN* his orchard.] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning. STEEVENS.

That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play :

"—————He hath left you all his walks,
" His private arbours, and new-planted *orchards*
" On this side Tiber."

In Sir T. North's *Translation of Plutarch*, the passage which Shakspeare has here copied, stands thus :
"He left his *gardens* and arbours unto people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber." MALONE.

Orchard was anciently written *hort-yard*; hence its original meaning is obvious. HENLEY.

19. *Remorse from power* :] *Remorse*, for mercy.

WARBURTON.

Remorse (says the author of the *Revisal*) signifies the conscious uneasiness arising from a sense of having done

done wrong; to extinguish which feeling, nothing hath so great a tendency as absolute uncontrolled power.

I think Warburton right.

JOHNSON.

Remorse is pity, and hath twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*.

STEEVENS.

21. ———common proof,] Common experiment.

JOHNSON.

24. *But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back, &c.]*

So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1602:

"The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,

"Cuts off those means by which himself got up:

"And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,

"Doth curb that looseness he did find before;

"Doubting the occasion like might serve again:

"His own example makes him fear the more."

MALONE.

26. ———base degrees] Low steps. JOHNSON.

33. ———as his kind——] According to his nature.

JOHNSON.

40. *Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March?*] We should read *ides*: for we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told Cæsar [Act i.] in his presence. [*—Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days*. So that the morrow was the *ides of March*, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October,

ber, had six nones each, so that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month.

WARBURTON.

66. *The genius, and the mortal instruments,*

Are then in council—] Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance.

JOHNSON.

Instead of *instruments*, it should, I think, be *instrument*, and explained thus:

The *genius*, i. e. the soul or spirit, which should govern; and the *mortal instrument*, i. e. the man, with all his bodily, that is, earthly passions, such as envy, pride, malice, and ambition, *are then in council*, i. e. debating upon the horrid action that is to be done, the soul and rational powers dissuading, and the *mortal instrument*, man, with his bodily passions, prompting and pushing on to the horrid deed, whereby the state of man, like to a little kingdom, suffers then the nature of an insurrection, the inferior powers rising and rebelling against the superior. See this exemplified in *Macbeth's* soliloquy, and also by what *King John* says, act iv.

“Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

“This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

“Hostility

" *Hostility and civil tumult reigns*

" *Between my conscience and my cousin's death.*"

SMITH.

The *genius* and the *mortal instruments*, are, I believe, no more than the *inventive faculty* and the *malignant passions* of the human heart. HENLEY.

65. *A phantasma,*] "Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination, or appearance, or sight of a thing which is not, as are those sightes whiche men in their sleepe do thinke they see: but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deeds." *Latwaterus*, 1572.

HENDERSON.

70. — *your brother Cassius* —] *Cassius* married *Junia*, *Brutus'* sister.

STEEVENS.

78. — *of favour.*] Any distinction of countenance.

JOHNSON.

86. *For if thou path thy native semblance on,*] If thou walk in thy true form.

JOHNSON.

The same verb is used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song II:

"Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey doth *path*."

Again, in his Epistle from *Duke Humphrey* to *Elinor Cobham*:

"*Pathing* young Henry's unadvised ways."

STEEVENS.

120. *No, not an oath.*] Shakspeare formed this speech on the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of *Plutarch*:—"The conspirators having never

never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, not binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves," &c. STEEVENS.

120. ———if not the face, &c.] So, Tully in *Catilinam*—*Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt?*

STEEVENS.

125. 'Till each man drop by lottery.] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.

He speaks of this in *Coriolanus*:

"By decimation, and a tythed death,

"Take thou thy fate."

STEEVENS.

135. *Swear priests, &c.*] This is imitated by Otway:

"When you would bind me is there need of oaths," &c.

Venice Preserved.

JOHNSON.

135. ———cautelous] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*.

So, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612: "Yet warn you be as *cautelous* not to wound my integrity."

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1610:

"— a fallacious polycy and *cautelous* wyle."

STEEVENS.

177. *O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, &c.*] Lord Sterline has the same thought: Brutus remonstrating against the taking off of Antony, says:

C

"Ah!

“ Ah! ah! we must but too much murder see,
 “ That without doing evil cannot do good;
 “ And would the gods that Rome could be made
 free,
 “ Without the effusion of one drop of blood!”

MALONE.

196. ———take thought—] That is, *turn melancholy*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii.

“ What shall we do, Ænobarbus?

“ *Think and die.*”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 833: “ ———now they
 were without service, which caused them to *take*
thought, insomuch that some died by the way,” &c.

STEEVENS.

The precise meaning of *take thought* may be learned
 from the following passage in St. Matthew, where the
 verb *μεριμνᾶω*, which signifies to *anticipate*, or *forebode*
evil, is so rendered: “ *Take no thought* for the mor-
 row: for the morrow shall *take thought* for the things
 of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”
 —Cassius not only refers to, but thus explains, the
 phrase in question, when, in answer to the assertion of
 Brutus concerning Antony, act iii. line 156:

“ I know, that we shall have him well to friend”—
 he replies:

“ I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

“ That *fears* him much; and my *misgiving* still

“ Falls shrewdly to the purpose.”

To *take thought* then, in this instance, is not to *turn*
melancholy,

melancholy, whatever *Think* may be in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

HENLEY.

198. ——— *company*] *Company* is here used in a disreputable sense. See a note on the word *companion*, act iv. line 263.

HENLEY.

206. *Quite from the main opinion*] *Main opinion*, is *leading, fixed, predominant opinion*.

JOHNSON.

214. ——— *for he loves to hear, &c.*] It was finely imagined by the poet, to make Cæsar delight in this sort of conversation. The author of *St. Evremond's Life* tells us, that the great prince of Condé took much pleasure in remarking on the foible and ridicule of characters.

WARBURTON.

215. *That unicorns may be betray'd by trees,*

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.]

Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 5.

And again, in *Bussy D'Ambois*, 1641:

“ An angry *unicorne* in his full career

“ Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller

“ That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,

“ And e'er he could get shelter of *a tree*,

“ Nail him with his rich antler to the earth.”

Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim.

C ij

This

This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was exposed. See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. VIII.

STEEVENS.

236. *Let not our looks—*] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear* or *show* our designs. JOHNSON.

242. *Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,*
Which busy care draws in the brains of men.]

Figures occurs in the same sense in the First Part of *Henry IV.* act i. line 545:

He apprehends a world of *figures*. HENLEY.

283. *I charm you—*] Thus the old copy. Pope and Hanmer read *charge*, but unnecessarily.

STEEVENS.

297. *To keep with you at meals, &c.*] “I being, O Brutus (said she), the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot: but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and euill fortune.” *Sir. T. North's Translat. of Plutarch.*

STEEVENS.

Here also we find our author and lord Sterline walking over the same ground:

“I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be
“A partner only of thy board and bed,
“Each servile whore in those might equal me,
“That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.
“No—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide
“Thy fellow in all fortunes good or ill;
“With

“ With chains of mutual love together ty’d

“ As those that have two breasts, one heart, two
souls, one will.” L. Sterline’s *Jul. Cæsar*.

MALONE.

297. ————*comfort your bed,*] Henry VIII. as we read
in Cavendish’s *Life of Wolsey*, in commendation of
queen Katharine, in publick said, “ She hath beene
to me a true obedient wife, and as *comfortable* as I
could wish.”

UPTON.

In the book of entries at Stationers-Hall, I meet
with the following: 1598. “ *A Conversation between a
careful Wyfe and her comfortable Husband.*”

STEEVENS.

In our marriage ceremony, the husband promises
to *comfort* his wife.

COLLINS.

298. ————*in the suburbs.*] Perhaps here is an
allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shak-
spere’s age resided. See the *Note* on the word *suburbs*
in *Measure for Measure*, act i. line 183. STEEVENS.

305. *I grant I am a woman, &c.*] So, lord Ster-
line:

“ And though our sex too talkative be deem’d

“ As those whose tongues import our greatest
pow’rs,

“ For secrets still bad treasurers esteem’d,

“ Of others greedy, prodigal of ours;

“ Good education may reform defects,

“ And I this vantage have to a virtuous
life,

“ Which

"Which others minds do want, and mine respects,

"*I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife.*"

MALONE.

308. *A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.*] This false pointing should be corrected thus:

A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.

i. e. worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to Cato. This indeed was a good reason why she should be intrusted with the secret. But the false pointing, which gives a sense only implying that she was a woman of a good character, and that she was Cato's daughter, gives no good reason: for she might be Cato's daughter, and yet not inherit his firmness; and she might be a woman well-reputed, and yet not the best at a secret. But if she *was well-reputed Cato's daughter*, that is, worthy of her birth, she could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his resolution to engage in its deliverance. WARBURTON.

Nothing can well be more futile than such reasoning. It is obvious that, by the expression *well-reputed*, she refers to the estimation in which she was held, as being *the wife of Brutus*, whilst the addition of *Cato's daughter*, implies that *she might be expected to inherit the patriotick virtues of her father*. It is with propriety, therefore, that she immediately asks,

"Think you I am no stronger than my sex,

"Being so *father'd*, and so *husbanded*?" HENLEY.

322. — *all the charactery* —] i. e. *all that is characterized*

charactered on, &c. The word has already occurred in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

330. *Would you were not sick! &c.*] So, lord Sterline :

“ By sickness being imprison’d in his bed
 “ Whilst I Ligarius spied, whom pains did prick
 “ When I had said with words that anguish bred,
 “ *In what a time Ligarius art thou sick?*
 “ He answer’d straight, as I had physick brought,
 “ Or that he had imagin’d my design,
 “ *If worthy of thyself thou would’st do ought,*
 “ *Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.*”

MALONE.

364. *Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,*] *i. e.* I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is used in the same sense in the *Devil’s Charter*, 1607 :

“ The devil hath provided in his covenant,
 “ I should not cross myself at any time :——
 “ I never was so *ceremonious*.”

The original thought is in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “ Calphurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition.” STEEVENS.

373. *The noise of battle hurtled in the air.*] See *As You Like It*, act iv. line 368. and *Note*. STEEVENS.

384. *Cowards die many times before their deaths.*] So, in *Marston’s Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

“ Fear

"Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies,

"*A hundred times in life a coward dies.*"

The first known edition of *Julius Cæsar* is that of 1623.

"When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person; he would never consent to it, but said, it was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of death." *Sir T. North's Translation of Plutarch.*

STEEVENS.

386. ———*that I yet have heard.*] This sentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Busiris King of Egypt*:

"———*Didst thou e'er fear?*

"*Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear:*

"*'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;*

"*And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,*

"*Thy master is immortal.*"——— STEEVENS.

388. ———*death, a necessary end, &c.*] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar.

JOHNSON.

394. ———*in shame of cowardice.*] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart.

JOHNSON.

399. *We were, &c.*] In old editions:

, *We heard two lions*———The first folio:

———*We hear*———

The copies have been all corrupt, and the passage, of course, unintelligible. But the slight alteration I have made, restores sense to the whole; and the sentiment will neither be unworthy of Shakspeare, nor
th

the boast too extravagant for Cæsar in a vein of vanity to utter : that he and Danger were too twin-whelps of a lion, and he the elder, and more terrible of the two.

THEOBALD.

Upton would read :

————— *We are* —————

This resembles the boast of Otho :

Experti invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna. Tacitus.

STEEVENS.

435. *And these she does apply for warnings, and portents,*

And evils imminent.]

The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read :

————— *warnings and portents*

Of evils imminent.

STEEVENS.

The alteration proposed by Mr. Edwards is needless, and tends to weaken the force of the expressions, which form as they now stand a regular climax.

HENLEY.

443. ————— *and that great men shall press*

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.]

That this dream of the statue's spouting blood should signify, the increase of power and empire to Rome from the influence of Cæsar's arts and arms, and wealth and honour to the noble Romans through his beneficence, expressed by the words, *from you great Rome shall suck reviving blood*, is intelligible enough. But how these great men should literally press for *tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance*, when the spouting blood was only a symbolical vision, I am at a

D

loss

loss to apprehend. Here the circumstances of the dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded with one another. This line therefore,

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance,

must needs be in way of similitude only; and if so, it appears that some lines are wanting between this and the preceding; which want should, for the future, be marked with asterisks. The sense of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in question. The speaker had said, the statue signified, that by Cæsar's influence Rome should flourish and increase in empire, and that great men should press to him to partake of his *good fortune*, just as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Christian history; but so small an anachronism is nothing with our poet. Besides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before: for the line in question can bear no other sense than as an allusion to the blood of the martyrs, and the superstition of some churches with regard to it.

WARBURTON.

I am not of opinion that any thing is lost, and have therefore marked no omission. This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognizance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques; as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

454. *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.]*

So, in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*:

"How can we satisfy the world's conceit,

"Whose tongue still in all ears your praise
proclaims?

"Or shall we bid them leave to deal in state,

"*Till that Calphurnia first have better dreams?"*

MALONE.

459. *And reason, &c.]* And reason, or propriety of
conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.

JOHNSON.

502. *—the fates with traitors do contrive.]* The
fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.

JOHNSON.

505. *Why dost thou stay? &c.]* Shakspeare has ex-
pressed the perturbation of *K. Richard* the third's
mind by the same incident:

"Dull, unmindful villain!

"Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the
duke?—

"*Cat.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' plea-
sure,

"What from your grace I shall deliver to him."

STEEVENS.

526. *Enter Soothsayer.]* The introduction of the
Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper.
All that he is made to say, should be given to *Arte-
midorus*; who is seen and accosted by *Portia*, in his
passage from the first stand to one more convenient.

TYRWHITT.

ACT III.

Line 32. *HE* is address:] *i. e.* he is ready. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v. line 110. and *Note*.

We are now to suppose the senate is seated.

STEEVENS.

33. —you are the first that rear your hand.] This, I think, is not English. The first folio has *reares*, which is not much better. To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—*You are the first that rears his hand*.

TYRWHITT.

42. *And turn pre-ordinance—*] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established.

WARBURTON.

43. *Into the lane of children.*] Perhaps the poet wrote:—"in the *line* of children," *i. e.* after the method or manner of children. In *Troilus and Cressida*, he uses *line* for method, course: "—in all *line* of order." In an ancient bl. ballad, entitled, *Houshold Talk, or Good Council for a Married Man*, I meet indeed with a similar phrase to the *lane* of children:

"Neighbour Roger, when you come

"Into the row of neighbours married." STEEVENS.

51. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause*

Will he be satisfied.] Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Discoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News*: "Cry you mercy; you never did wrong, but with just cause?"

STEEVENS.

It

It may be doubted, I think, whether Jonson has *quoted this line unfaithfully*. The turn of the sentence, and the defect in the metre (according to the present reading), rather incline me to believe that the passage stood originally thus:

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause;
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.*

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakspeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority, withdrew the words in question; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious censor, that his criticism was ill-founded; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury*; that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuria*; and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (*i. e.* doth not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But supposing this ~~passage~~ to have been really censurable, and to have been written by Shakspeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623; and therefore what are we to think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant?

TYRWHITT.

Mr.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's very ingenious conjecture is, in my opinion, strongly confirmed by our author's having used the verb, to *wrong*, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, in the sense in which he is supposed to have employed it here, as the passage stood originally:

"Time's glory is——"

"To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right."

MALONE.

72. ——*apprehensive*;] Susceptible of fear, or other passions.

JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II. act iv. "—makes it *apprehensive*, quick, forgetive," &c.

STEEVENS.

73. ——*but one*] One, and only one.

JOHNSON.

74. ——*holds on his rank*,] Perhaps, *holds on his* race; continues his course. We commonly say, To *hold a rank*, and To *hold on a course* or *way*.

JOHNSON.

91. ——*Go to the pulpit, Brutus*.] We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war.

STEEVENS.

99. Nor to no *Roman else*.] This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Hickes observes, that in the

Saxon,

Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification.

STEEVENS.

111. Cas.] In both folios this speech is given to Casca.

REED.

161. *O mighty Cæsar, &c. fare thee well.*—] A similar reflection is put into the prince's mouth on the death of Hotspur. First Part of *Henry IV.* act v. line 394.

—Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou *shrunk*,
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough.—

***.

165. ———*who else is rank* :] Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety.

JOHNSON.

220. ———*crimson'd in thy Lethe.*] *Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death*; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:

“The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,

“Is now extinct in *Lethe*.”

Again, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

“For vengeance' wings bring on thy *lethal* day.”

Dr. Farmer observes, that we meet with *lethal* for *deadly* in the information for *Mungo Campbell*.

STEEVENS.

235. *Friends am I with you all, &c.*] This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, as that the omission of the anomalous S, would give some uncouthness

couthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression.

HENLEY.

276. ————*in the tide of times.*] That is, in the course of times.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation does not seem to reach the poet's idea. By the *TIDE of times*, I apprehend he means not *the ordinary course of things*, but *great occasions; emergencies of uncommon moment*: such as the *overthrow, or establishment of empires*.

HENLEY.

278. *Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—*

Which like dumb mouths, &c.] Shakspeare had, perhaps, in his thoughts an old play, called, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599. It was once very popular, and appears to have been written some years before it was printed:

“—————I gave him fifteen wounds,

“Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me:

“In every wound there is a bloody tongue,

“Which will all speak although he hold his peace.”

MALONE.

281. ————*upon the limbs of men*]; We should read,

—————*line of men*;

i. e. human race.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads,

—————*kind of men*.

I rather think it should mean,

—————*the lives of men*;

unless we read,

—these

———these lymms of men ;
That is, *these bloodhounds* of men. The uncommon-
ness of the word *lymm* easily made the change.

JOHNSON.

I think the old reading may very well stand.
Antony means only that a future curse shall com-
mence in distempers seizing on *the limbs of men*, and
be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation
over all Italy.

STEEVENS.

289. *And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.]*

"——umbraque erraret Crassus inulta."

Lucan, lib. i.

"Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam

"Admovet atra dies ; Stygiisque emissa tenebris

"Mors fruitur cælo, bellatoremque volando

"Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu."

Stat. Theb. VIII.

"——Furiæ rapuerunt licia Parcis." *Ibid.*

STEEVENS.

292. *Cry Havock—]* A learned correspondent has
informed me, that, in the military operations of old
times *havock* was the word by which declaration was
made, that no quarter should be given.

In a tract entitled, *The Office of the Constable and
Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the
Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following
chapter :

"The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them
that followeth hym, etit. v."

E

"Item,

“Item, Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vocatur *Havok*.”

“Also that no man be so hardy to crye *Havok* upon payne that he that is begynner shal be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the same or folow, shall lose their horse and harneis: and the persones of such as followeth and esorien shal be under arrest of the Conestable and Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn, and founde suretie no morr to offende; and his body in prison at the Kyng wyll.—”

JOHNSON.

292. —*let slip*] This is a term belonging to the chase. The last editor cites the following instance in *Manhood. Forest Laws*, c. xx. §. 9. “—when any pourallee man doth find any wild beasts of the forest in his pourallee, that is, in his owne freehold lands, that he hath within the pourallee, he may *let slippe his dogges* after the wild beastes, and hunt and chase them there,” &c.

Again, Sir Francis Bacon, in his speech on the arraignment of the earl of Somerset, said, “He is not the hunter alone that *let slip the dog* at the deer, but he that lodges him.

HENDERSON.

330. —*countrymen, and lovers! &c.*] There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works, a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconick brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were

were like Brutus's. The ancient laconick brevity was simple, natural, and easy; this is quaint, artificial, jingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a style of declaiming, that sits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done.

WARBURTON.

This artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconick brevity.

STEEVENS.

390. ————beholden to us all.] Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corruptedly spelt—*beholding*.

STEEVENS.

431. *My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.*] Perhaps our author recollected the following passage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1593:

“As for my love, say, Antony hath all;”

“Say that *my heart* is gone into the grave

“With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall.”

MALONE.

435. *Cæsar has had great wrong.* 3 Pleb. *Cæsar had never wrong but with just cause.*] If ever there was such a line written by Shakspeare, I should fancy it might

E ij

have

have its place here, and very humourously in the character of a plebeian. One might believe Ben Jonson's remark was made upon no better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning of the third act :

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied——*

But the verse, as cited by Ben Jonson, does not connect with, *Will he be satisfied*. Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben Jonson's time, and so he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleased to speak it.

POPE.

I have inserted this note, because it is Pope's, for it is otherwise of no value. It is strange that he should so much forget the date of the copy before him, as to think it not printed in Jonson's time. — JOHNSON.

446. *And none so poor——*] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar. JOHNSON.

459. — *their napkins.*] *i. e.* their handkerchiefs.

STEEVENS.

507. *For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:]* This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

STEEVENS.

513. *Even at the base of Pompey's statue,*

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.]

Shakspeare took these very words from Sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*: “—against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain.”

STEEVENS.

520. *The dint of pity]* is the impression of pity.

The

The word is in common use among our ancient writers. So, in Preston's *Cambyzes* :

"Your grace therein may hap receive, with
others for your parte,

"The *dent* of death," &c.

Again, *ibid.*

"He shall dye by *dent* of sword, or els by chok-
ing rope." STEEVENS.

523. *Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.]*

To *mar* seems to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, a tragedy, 1599, Basilisco, feeling the end of his dagger, says:

"This point will *mar* her skin." MALONE.

546. *For I have neither wit,—]* The old copy reads,

For I have neither writ, nor words,—

which may mean, I have no *penned* and premeditated oration. JOHNSON.

The second folio reads *wit*. STEEVENS.

568. —*seventy-five drachmas.]* A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d. STEEVENS.

575. *On this side Tiber.]* The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter :

Trans Tiberim *longè cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos,*

says Horace : and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river ;
and

and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum.
Our author therefore certainly wrote,

On that side Tiber ;——

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very diligently studied, in the *Life of Marcus Brütus*, speaking of Cæsar's will, expressly says, That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the Tiber. THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the subsequent editors ; but hear the old translation, where *Shakspeare's study* lay, "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tiber." FARMER.

581. —*fire the traitors' houses.*] Thus the first folio. The second, and the modern editors read—*fire all the traitors' houses* ; but *fire* was then pronounced, as it was sometimes written, *fier*. So, in *Humors Ordinary*, a collection of Epigrams :

"Oh rare compound, a dying horse to choke,

"Of English *fier* and of Indian smoke!"

STEEVENS.

598. *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from *Plutarch*.

STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT IV.

Line 1. *A SMALL island,*] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have marked the scene here to be at Rome. The old copies say nothing of the place. Shakspeare, I dare say, knew from *Plutarch*, that these triumviri met, upon the proscription, in a little island; which Appian, who is more particular, says, lay near Mutina, upon the River Lavinius.

THEOBALD.

A small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia.

HANMER.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "There-uppon all three met together (to wete, Cæsar, Antonius, & Lepidus) in an iland enuyroned round about with a little riuer, & there remayned three dayes together." That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome, may be inferred from what almost immediately follows:

"*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?"

"*Cæs.* Or here, or at the Capitol." STEEVENS.

5. *Upon condition, Publius shall not live.*] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus. Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote:

You

You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer.

STEEVENS.

7. ———damn him.] i. e. condemn him. See *Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. 1.

STEEVENS

23. ———as the ass bears gold,] This image had occur'd before in *Measure for Measure*, act iii.

STEEVENS.

47. ———and our best means stretch'd out ;] The oldest copy reads :

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;
The present reading was given in the second folio.

MALONE.

51. ———at the stake.] An allusion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*, act v :

" They have chain'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
" But bear-like I must fight the course."

STEEVENS.

61. *In his own change, or by ill officers,*] In the subsequent conference Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer Lucius Pella, with corruption. STEEVENS.

119. ———every nice offence—] i. e. small, trifling offence.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act v.

" The letter was not nice, but full of charge

" Of dear import."

STEEVENS.

139. *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*

Than such a Roman.] The poets and common people, who generally think and speak alike, suppose

pose the dog bays the moon out of envy at its brightness ; an allusion to this notion, makes the beauty of the passage in question : Brutus hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at Cæsar's glory which set Cassius on conspiring against him ; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. Cassius understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation :

——— Brutus, bay not me. WARBURTON.

The old copy reads—*bait* not me ; but Dr. Warburton's emendation is strengthened by Shakspeare's having used the word *bay* in other places, and in the sense here required. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 3.

“ What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him ? ”

Again, in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* act i. and, in *Cymbeline*.

MALONE.

143. *To hedge me in ;*——] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNSON.

143. ——— *I am a soldier, I,*

Older in practice, &c.] Thus the ancient copies ; but the modern editors, instead of *I*, have read *ay*, because the vowel *I* sometimes stands for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the authority of the following line :

And I am Brutus ; Marcus Brutus I. STEEVENS.

145. *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal.

JOHNSON.

191. ————than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash,]

This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For to *wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingness* to quit his hold.

WARBURTON.

207. Bru. *I do not, till you practise them on me.]*

The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by *practising them on me*.

JOHNSON.

223. *If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth, &c.]*

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 87. l. 320.

"Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true."

BLACKSTONE.

254. *Enter Poet.]* Shakspeare found the present incident in *Plutarch*. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius*, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher.

STEEVENS.

256. *Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;*

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.]"

This passage is a translation out of the first book of *Homer*, which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:

"My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,

"For I have seen more years than such ye three."

STEEVENS.

262. *What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?*] *i. e.* with these silly poets. A *jig* signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition. MALONE.

263. Companion, *hence.*] *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II.

284. *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*] This circumstance is taken from *Plutarch*. It is also mentioned by *Val. Maximus*. STEEVENS.

354. *There is a tide, &c.*] This passage is poorly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Custom of the Country*:

“*There is an hour in each man's life appointed*

“*To make his happiness, if then he seize it,*” &c.

STEEVENS.

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607:

“*There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel*

“*For each man's good; when which nick comes,*
it strikes.

“*So no man riseth by his real merit,*

“*But when it cries clink in his raiser's spirit.*”

MALONE.

412. —*thy leaden mace.*] A *mace* is the ancient term for a sceptre.

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“———proud Tarquinius

“*Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly mace.*”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x.

F ij

“Who

“Who mightily upheld that royal mace?”

STEEVENS.

429. *Well; Then I shall see thee again?*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from *Plutarch*, that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but, “a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body.” This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius of Brutus*.

STEEVENS.

445. *Thou! awake.*] The accent is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis impossible the poet could begin his verse thus. Brutus certainly was intended to speak to both his other men; who both awake, and answer, at an instant. I read:

Varro, awake!

WARBURTON.

ACT V.

Line 5. — **W**ARN us —] To *warn* is to summon. So in *K. John*.

Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in *K. Richard III.*

“And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.”

Throughout the books of the Stationers-Company, the word is always used in this sense. “Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was *warned*, according to the orders of this house.”

STEEVENS.

10. *With fearful bravery,——*] That is, *with a gallant shew of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay.* *Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense—*producing fear—intimidating.* MALONE.

19. *——keep thou——*] The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read—*you.*

REMARKS.

35. *The posture of your blows are yet unknown;*] It should be—*is yet unknown.* Yet the error is such, that it probably was Shakspeare's. MALONE.

46. *——Casca——*] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming *like a degenerate cur behind him.*

JOHNSON.

77. *Messala, &c.]* Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch.*

STEEVENS.

86. *——our foremost ensign.]* The old copy reads *former*, which may be right, as Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and *superlative.* See *K. Lear*, act iv. sc. 3. Either word has the same origin; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time.* STEEVENS.

107. *The very last time we shall speak together:*

What are you then determined to do?] *i. e.* I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARBURTON.

WARBURTON.

109. *——of that philosophy,]* There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution

resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence, in Sir Thomas North's *Translation*, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which, in *Plutarch*, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though now he condemned it.

So, in Sir Thomas North:—"There Cassius beganne to speak first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus! that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chieftest things amongst men are most vncertaine, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to daye then we wishe or looke for, we shall hardly meete againe: what art thou then determined to doe, to fly, or dye? Brutus aunswered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouergreatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how), a certaine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valliant, not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being nowe in the midst of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall
out

out fortunate for vs : I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall liue in another more glorious worlde." STEEVENS.

I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle; but, as he expresses himself elsewhere, would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive. BLACKSTONE.

114. —*arming myself with patience, &c.*] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost, but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this; I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato, arming myself with patience.

JOHNSON.

136. —*give these bills*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent litle *billes* to the collonells and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the worde of the battell," &c.

STEEVENS.

153. *This hill is far enough, &c.*] Thus, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little *hill*, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine."

STEEVENS.

162. *Go, Pindarus*] This dialogue between Cassius and

and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, act iii. sc. 5.

STEEVENS.

165. —time is come round.] So, in *K. Lear*.

STEEVENS.

246. *Thou last of all the Romans.*] Objectum est Historico (*Cremutio Cordo*. Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romanorum dixisset. Suet. Tiber. Lib. III. c. 61.

STEEVENS.

261. *I am the son of Marcus Cato—*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “There was the sonne of Marcus Cato slaine valiantly fighting, &c. telling aloud his name and his father’s name,” &c.

STEEVENS.

268. —being Cato’s son,] i. e. worthy of him.

WARBURTON.

270. Luc. *Only I yield to die:*

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;]

Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting?

JOHNSON.

275. *I’ll tell the news.*] The old copy reads:

I’ll tell thee news.——

JOHNSON.

278. *Safe, Antony;*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowly with a bold countenance sayd, Antonius,

tonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemie hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus aliue." STEEVENS.

292. *Statilius shew'd the torch-light, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a *torch-light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speede to him. The *torche-light* was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after that, and that he came not againe, he sayd: if Statilius be aliue, he will come againe." STEEVENS.

327. *Farewel to thee too, Strato.*] Thus the modern editions. I think, rightly. The old folio reads:

Farewel to thee, to Strato, countrymen. JOHNSON.

364. ————*save only he, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "For, it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him." STEEVENS.

368. ————*the elements*

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, This was a man.] So,

in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto III:

G

"He

“ He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
“ In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit ;
“ *In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*
“ That none to one could sov'reignty impute ;
“ As all did govern, so did all obey :
“ He of a temper was so absolute,
“ As that it seem'd, when nature him began,
“ She meant to shew *all that might be in man.*”

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play
of our author did not appear before 1623. STEEVENS.

THE END.



Bell's Edition.

A N T O N Y
AND
C L E O P A T R A,
BY
WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
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Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON :

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MDCCCLXXXVI.

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OBSERVATIONS
ON THE *fable* AND *Composition* OF
ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

AMONG the entries in the books of the Stationer's Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterson, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish *Cleopatra*, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of *Antony* is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which *Cæsar* makes to *Octavia*.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion, or care of disposition. JOHNSON

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

M. ANTONY,	}	<i>Triumvirs.</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	<i>Friends of Antony.</i>
VENTIDIUS,		
CANIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS		
PHILO,		
MECÆNAS,	}	<i>Friends of Cæsar.</i>
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS,		
THYREUS,	}	<i>Friends of Pompey.</i>
GALLUS,		
MENAS,		
MENEKRATES,		
VARRIUS,	}	<i>Servants to Cleopatra.</i>
SILIUS, <i>an Officer in Ventidius's Army.</i>		
TAURUS, <i>Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.</i>		
ALEXAS,		
MARDIAN,	}	
SELEUCUS,		
DIOMEDES,		
<i>A Soothsayer : A Clown.</i>		

WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Ægypt.*
OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS,

*Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is dispersed in several Parts of the Roman
Empire.*



A N T O N Y
A N D
C L E O P A T R A.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CLEOPATRA's *Palace at Alexandria.* Enter DEMETRIUS, and PHILO:

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust.—Look, where they come! 10

B

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be lov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—

Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine

Is

Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-
gers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind, 40
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch 50
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger, but thine;—And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;

Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us. 60

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO. with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! 68
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Palace. Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the
soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen? O! that
I knew this husband, which, you say, must change
his horns with garlands. 73

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will.

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink. 81

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush! 90

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be
married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow
them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom
Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me to marry
with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my
mistress! 99

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than
figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former
fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no
names:

names : Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretel every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch. 110

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras her's.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine. 120

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how ? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she ?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it ? 130

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend ! Alexas, —come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee ! And let her die too, and give him a worse !
and

and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold ! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee !

140

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people ! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded ; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

150

Eno. Hush ! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord ?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here ?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth ; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas ?

160

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him : Go with us.

[Exeunt.]

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Caesar ;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst ?

170

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia,
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia ;
Whilst——

180

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mes. O my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue ;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice

Have

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while. 189

Mes. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Ægyptian fetters I must break,

Enter a second Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In Sicyon: 199

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 210

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

217

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

232

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno.

Eno. Fulvia !

240

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crown'd with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat :—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow. 251

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose : I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone 260 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home : Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea : our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities

C i j.

Upon

Upon his son ; who, high in name and power, 270
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, bath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since. 280

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
 does :—

I did not send you ;—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return.

[Exit ALEX.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
 dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
 nothing.

Cleo.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear. 292

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me. 300

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the marry'd woman?—You may go;
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; her's you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted. 310

Ant. Cleopatra—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and
true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which

Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go : when you sh'd staying,
Then was the time for words : No going then ;— 323
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;
Bliss in our brow's bent ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven : They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou should'st know,

There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands 330
Our services a while ; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to
strength,
Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ; 340
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She's dead, my queen :

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read

The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best :

See, when, and where she died.

350

Cleo. O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know

The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice : By the fire,

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,

Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,

As thou affect'st.

360

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—

But let it be,—I am quickly ill, and well :

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;

And give true evidence to his love, which stands

An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;

Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears

Belong to Egypt : Good now, play one scene

370

Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look

Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood : no more.

Cleo.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword—

Cleo. And target—Still he mends ;

But this is not the best, Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

380

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it :
Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it ;
That you know well : Something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,

390

To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory ! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;

Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

400

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CÆsar's Palace in Rome. Enter OCTAVIUS CÆsar, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptomely
More womanly than he: hardly give audience, or 410
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find
there

A man, who is the abstræct of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy; 421
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes
him

(As his composure must be rare indeed,

D

Whom

Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony
 No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness : If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness, 430
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 Call on him for't : but, to confound such time—
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state, and ours—'tis to be chid
 As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done ; and every
 hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report 440
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
 The discontents repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less :—
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
 And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
 Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, 451
 Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Mes.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon 460
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cas. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle 470
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him. 480

Cas. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain
Dij

Did

Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter, 490
 It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you shall know
 mean time
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, sir; I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHAR-
 MIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha—Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
 My Antony is away. 501

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char.

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

511

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony! 520
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey 530
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses, 540
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
*Say, the firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
This treasure of an oyster: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.* 551

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!— Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those

That

That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Ægypt with his joy: but between both: 560
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so? 570

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days! 580
When I was green in judgment: Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper; he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Ægypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. POMPEY's House. Enter POMPEY, MENE-
CRATES, and MENAS.

Pompey.

IF the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-
cays

The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good : so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers. 10

Pomp. I shall do well :

The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ; 20
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite; 30

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership 40
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

E

Pomp.

Pomp. I know not, Menas, 50
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
 selves ;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rome. Enter ENOBARBUS, and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed, 61
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching. 70

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then borne in it.

Lep.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY, and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Ventidius.

80

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms, 90
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir !

E i j

Cæs.

Cas. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not. 101

Cas. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cas. No more than my residing here at Rome. 110
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cas. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you—you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it; 120
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with your's;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but 130
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so :
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is your's ; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife. 140

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts 150
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted ; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,
I told him of myself ; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow

Be

Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with. 161

Lep. Soft, Cæsar:

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it :—But on, Cæsar ;—
The article of my oath——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them ;

The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather ; 169

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken. 179

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant,

instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot. 190

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cas. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech: for it cannot be, We shall remain in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar—

Cas. Speak, Agrippa. 200

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony Is now a widower.

Cas. Say not so, Agrippa; If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity, To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts 210 With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims

No

No worse a husband than the best of men ;
 Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
 Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both, 220
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cas. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
 To make this good ?

Cas. The power of Cæsar, and 230
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
 Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
 Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our great designs !

Cas. There is my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly : Let her live 240
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
 Fly off our loves again !

Lep.

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 250
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of. 260

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆS. ANT. and LEP.]

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—
my honourable friend, Agrippa!— 270

F

Agr.

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting. 280

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd upon his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter Devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that 290
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

With

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem 300
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
(A strange invisible perfume hits the sense 310
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her: and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Ægyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest; 320
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Fij

Eno.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street : 330

And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,

That she did make defect, perfection,

And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety : Other women cloy

The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,

Where most she satisfies. For vilest things

Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests 340

Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is

A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,

Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them ;
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times

Divide me from your bosom.

350

Ota.

Oth. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square: but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.

Oth. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæs. and OCTA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Ægypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
you

361

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side: 370
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
thee.

If

If thou dost play with him at any game,
 Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
 When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit 381
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
 But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
 Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
 He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
 And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
 Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine, 390
 When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt:
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
 You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
 Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same; A Street. Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS,
 and AGRIPPA.*

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you,
 hasten

Your

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow. 400

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your stay is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success! 409

Lep. Farewel. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick ; musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let us to billiards : come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman :—Come, you'll play with me, sir ?
Mar.

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good-will is shew'd, though it come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :— 420
Give me mine angle—We'll to the river : there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes : my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up. 430

Cleo. That time !——O times !——
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed ;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O ! from Italy ;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam——

Cleo. Antony's dead ?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress : 440
But well and free,
If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that kings

Have

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;

We use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

450

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony

Be free, and healthful—so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,

Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

460

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, madam—

470

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:

But yet is as a jailor to bring forth

G

Some

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
 Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
 The good and bad together : He's friends with
 Cæsar ;

In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :
 He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ? 480

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !
[Strikes him down.]

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ?—Hence, [Strikes him again.]
 Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes
 Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head ;

[She hales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
 Smarting in ling'ring pickle. 490

Mes. Gracious madam,
 I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
 And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou had'st,
 Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage ;
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside
 Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a Dagger.]
Mes.

Mes. Nay, then I'll run :—

500

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault.

[Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Ægypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him :—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike 510

A meaner than myself ; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,

If thou again say, Yes.

520

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold
there still ?

Mes. Should I lie, madam ?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst ;

So half my Ægypt were submerg'd, and made

G i j

A cistern

A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
 Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married!

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married!

530

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
 To punish me for what you make me do,
 Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of
 thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
 The merchandise, which thou hast brought from
 Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
 And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.]

**Char.* Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

541

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
 I faint; O Iras! Charmian!—'Tis no matter:—
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
 Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
 Her inclination, let him not leave out
 The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian;
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 The other way he is a Mars:—Bid you Alexas 550

[To MARDIAN.]

Bring

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one Door, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth, 560
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And 569
What

What made, all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despicable Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee. 581

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present), how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh 590
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back

Our

Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

600

Pomp. Know then,

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer : But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;

And am well studied for a liberal thanks,

610

Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand :

I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,

There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not,

What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;

620

But in my bosom shall she never come,

To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :

I crave, our composition may be written,

And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other ere we part ; and let us

Draw

Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

630

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,
Or last, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard :—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—He did so.

640

Pomp. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now ; How far'st thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

650

I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords ?

All. Shew us the way, sir.

Pomp.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent ENOB. and MEN.*]

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.— 660

You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me :
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety : you have been a great thief by sea. 670

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me
your hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here
they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their
hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true
face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you. 680

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his for-
tune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark
Antony here ; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

H

Men.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir? 690

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. 700

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?

I have a health for you. 710

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Ægypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt,

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Near Mount Misenum. On board POMPEY's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man : Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more* ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink. 721

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir : They take the flow o' the Nile 730

By certain scales i' the pyramid ; they know,

By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,

Hij

Or

Or foizon, follow : The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is bred now of your
mud by the operation of your sun : so is your croco-
dile.

74¹

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit — and some wine. — A health to Lepi-
dus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er
out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll be
in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies'
Pyramises are very goodly things ; without contra-
diction, I have heard that.

75¹

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear : What is't ?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon. — This wine for Le-
pidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile ?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself ; and it is as broad
as it hath breadth : it is just so high as it is, and
moves with its own organs : it lives by that which
nourisheth

nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

762

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that? away!

770

Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises, and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To MENAS.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

780

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it, And, though you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pomp.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well ?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, 790
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable ;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke of it ! In me, 'tis villany ;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour ; 800
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done ;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore. — I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey. 810

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill, 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.
Menas.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then he is drunk: 'Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels. 820

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it,

I will make answer: but I had rather fast 830
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANT.

Shall we dance now the Ægyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink.

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;

'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.— 839

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—

The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;

The holding every man shall bear, as loud

As his strong sides can volly.

[Musick plays. ENO. places them Hand in Hand.

S O N G.

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us 'till the world go round ;
Cup us 'till the world go round !*

Cæs. What would you more ? — Pompey, good
night. Good brother, 850

Let me request you off ; our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good
night—.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's-your hand. 859

Pomp. O, Antony, you have my father's house,
But what ? we are friends : Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums !—these trumpets, flutes ! what !—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows : Sound, and be hang'd, sound
out.

[*Sound a Flourish, with Drums.*

Eno.

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria. Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Conquest; with SILIUS and other Romans, and the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ventidius.

Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes!
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony 10
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius!

I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won

I

More

More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, 20
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him:
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that, 30
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what
haste 39

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Rome. CÆSAR'S House. Enter AGRIPPA at one Door, ENOBARBUS at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men. 51

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say—Cæsar;—go
no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; — Yet he loves
Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel, 60

I ij

Kneel

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier! and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
band

Shall pass on thy aproof.—Most noble Antony, 70
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find, 80
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Otho.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia? 92

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he, being a man. 101

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you. 110

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep.

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewel! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow? 121

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it. — Come thou
near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty— 130

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led

Between

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me ?

Mes. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low ? 140

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak : she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian : Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mes. She creeps ;

Her motion and her station are as one :

She shews a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather. 150

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Ægypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't :—There's nothing in her yet ;—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam, she was a widow. 160

Cleo. Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

Mes. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is it long, or
round ?

Mes.

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,

They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?

Mes. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:— 170
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That I so harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend, 180
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



At Part II in the Chamber of Cleopatra.

Scene. Of her own Chamber, and the Apartment.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra.

That I should live to such loss.

But I am past that.

For the fashion that she wears. After that, I will not

be so much as to look on her.

For now she would wish to

be so much as to look on me.

But I will not take my former sharpness off.

I will keep her back again. I had thee

once, but I will have thee again. Cleopatra, I will have thee

once more, for I am a proper man.

Cleop. A proper man.

Cleop. Indeed, he is so. I repent me much

that I do marry him. Why, methinks, by him

this creature's made of things

that are not men.

Cleop. The man hath seen some quality, and she

knows.

Cleop. Hath he seen Antony? Is he else defend

And serving you so long?

Cleop. I have one thing more to ask him yet.

Chafman:

Not till he leaves: thou shalt bring him to me

where I will wait. All may be well enough.

Then I warrant you.

Act 3. ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. Scene 3.



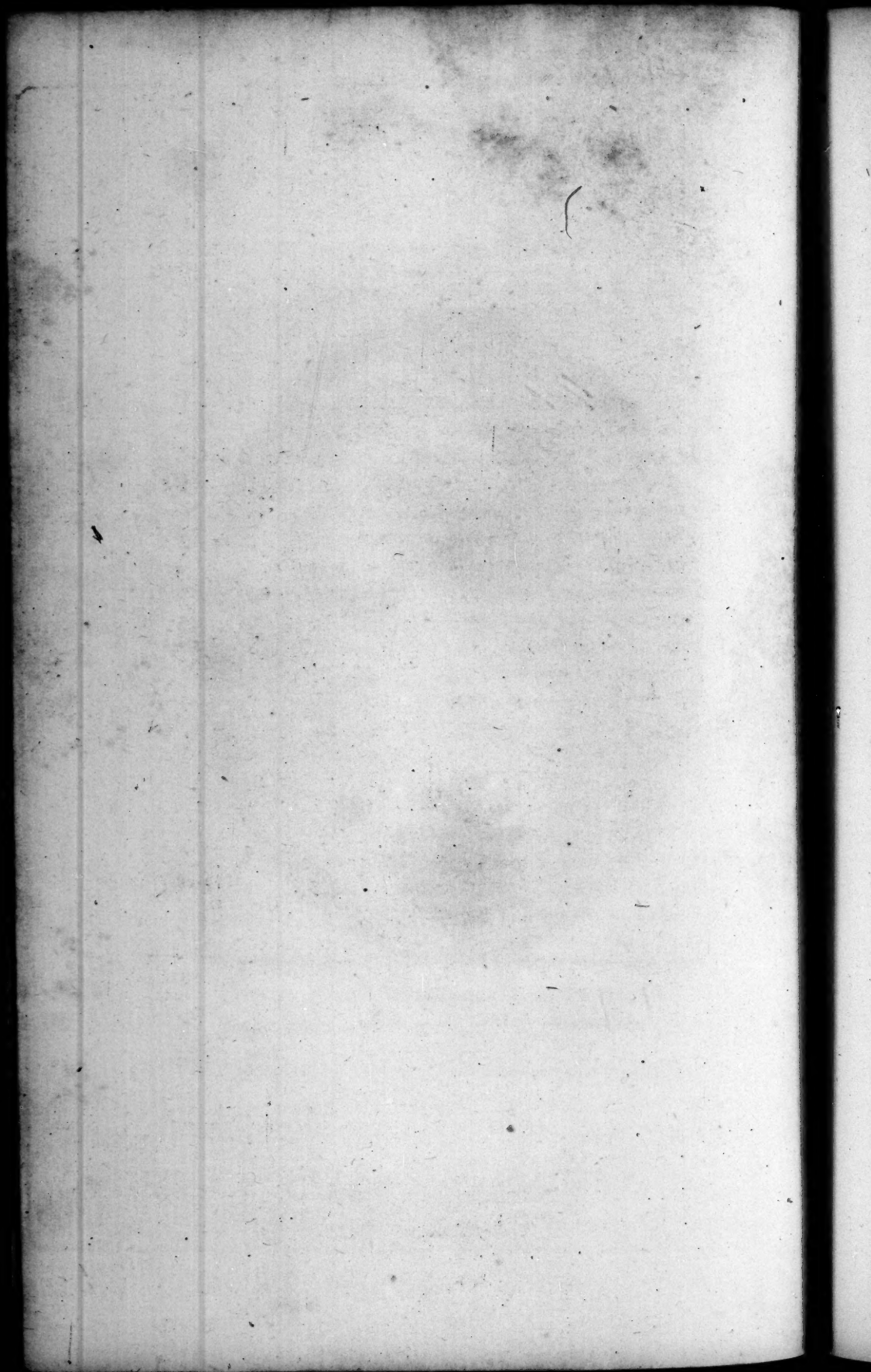
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Thornthwaite sculp.^s

M^{rs} POPE in the Character of CLEOPATRA.

Cleo — *I have one thing more to ask him yet.*

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SCENE IV.

ANTONY's House at Athens. Enter ANTONY, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear: 190

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock
me presently 200

When I shall pray, O, *bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not your's, 209
K Than

Than your's so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are your's.

Ocla. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults 221
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. Enter ENOBARBUS, and EROS.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success? 230

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would
not

not let him partake in the glory of the action : and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him : So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more ;

And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the other. Where is Antony? 240

Eros. He's walking in the garden — thus ; and spurns

The rush that lies before him : cries, *Fool, Lepidus!* And threats the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius ; My lord desires you presently : my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught : But let it be.—Bring me to Antony. 250

Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Rome. CÆSAR's House. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cas. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more ;

In Alexandria—here's the manner of it—

K i j

I' the

I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
 Were publickly entron'd : at the feet, sat
 Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
 And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
 Since then hath made between them. Unto her
 He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her 260
 Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
 Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye ?

Cas. I' the common-shew-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
 He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
 Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
 That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
 As 'tis reported, so. 271

Mec. Let Rome be thus
 Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
 Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cas. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
 His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cas. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
 Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him 280
 His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
 Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,

That

That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have con-
quer'd, 290

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oth. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oth. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony 300
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

Rais'd

Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
 A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
 Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you 310
 By sea, and land; supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Ota. Good my lord,
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
 My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

Cas. Which soon he granted,
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him. 320

Ota. Do not say so, my lord.

Cas. I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.
 Where is he now?

Ota. My lord, in Athens.

Cas. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
 Up to a whore; who now are levying
 The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
 Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus, 330
 Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
 Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
 King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
 The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,

With

With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oth. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other !

340

Cas. Welcome hither :
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;
'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort ;
And ever welcome to us.

351

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off ;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

360

Oth. Is it so, sir ?

Cas. Most certain. Sister, welcome : Pray you,
Be ever known to patience : My dearest sister !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

ANTONY's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should
not we

Be there in person?

37•

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

38•

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will

Appear

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea, 390
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't. 400

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muletteers, reapers, people
Ingrost by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; your's, heavy: No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 411

L

Being

Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd foot-men ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard, 420
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius, 431
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse :—We'll to our ship ;
Away, my Thetis !—How now, worthy soldier ?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt

This

This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Ægyptians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

440

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANT. CLEO. and ENO.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

451

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour: and throws
forth,

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

The same. A Plain. Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, &c.

Cæs. Taurus.—

461

Taur. My lord,

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,

'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed

The prescript of this scroll: Our fortune lies

Upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY, and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place

We may the number of the ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight. Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:

471

The Antoniad, the Ægyptian admiral,

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder—

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !
Eno. What's thy passion ?
Scar. The greater cante of the world is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces. 480

Eno. How appears the fight ?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald nag of Ægypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather our's the elder—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld : 489
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, 500
And

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
 O, he has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
 night

Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there will I attend
 What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render 510
 My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
 Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
 The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
 Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter ANTONY, with
 EROS, and other Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
 It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither ;
 I am so lated in the world, that I
 Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
 Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly, 520
 And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly ! not we.

Ant.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone:
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them 530
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by. 540

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no!

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye!

Char. Madam——

Iras. Madam; O good empress!——

Eros.

Eros. Sir, sir——

550

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen!

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unquality'd with very shame. 560

Cleo. Well then—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Ægypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind 570
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that

Thy

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

580

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

590

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, there, and our viands:— Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

CÆSAR's Camp, in Egypt. Enter CÆSAR, DOL-
BELLA, THYREUS, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his school-master:

M

An

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither 600
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from ANTONY.

Cas. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
 I was of late as petty to his ends,
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
 To his grand sea.

Cas. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and 610
 Requires to live in Ægypt: which not granted,
 He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens: This for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
 Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cas. For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen 620
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
 From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there: This if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cas. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Ambassador.]

To

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Dispatch ;
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[To THYREUS.

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : Women are not, 630
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cas. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit.

SCENE XI.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, ENO-
BARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus ? 640

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,

Mij

When

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The meered question: 'Twas a shame no less 650
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
 So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head, 660

And he will fill thy wishes to the brim

With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which, the world should
 note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart, 670
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY and Ambassador.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew
 Against

Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too. 681

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer, 690
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

700

Thus

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd. 710

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [Aside.
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit ENO.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff 721
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation 729
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in, 740
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY, and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow ?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there :— Ah, you kite!—Now,
 gods and devils!
Authority melts from me : Of late, when I cry'd,
 ho ! 750

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will ?* Have you no ears ? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!—

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here (What's her name,

Since she was Cleopatra ?)—Whip him, fellows, 760
'Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attendants, with THYREUS.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!

Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,

Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

And by a gem of women, to be abus'd

By one that looks on feeders?

770

Cleo. Good my lord—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard

(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut

To our confusion.

Cleo. O! is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment

Of

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal, 790
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

Attend. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent 800
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,

N

Not

Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ; 810
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me : Urge it thou :
 Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYREUS.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon 820
 Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
 And poison it in the source ; and the first stone 830
 Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
 'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless ; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfy'd :

Cæsar

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land 840
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?

If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle—
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours 850
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:

I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well. 860

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,

Nij

I'll

I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEO.]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frighted out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain 870
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria. Enter CÆSAR, reading a
Letter ; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, &c.*

Cæsar.

HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Ægypt : my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make

Make boot of his distraction : Never anger 10
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight :—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The Palace at Alexandria. Enter ANTONY, and
CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No. 20

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike ; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said ; come on—

Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night 30
Enter

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
And thou ;—and thou ;—and thou :—you have serv'd
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this ?

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men ;

And all of you clapt up together in

40

An Antony ; that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :

Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,

As when mine empire was your fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;

50

May be, it is the period of your duty :

Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,

A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you,

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away ; but, like a master

Married

Married to your good service, stay 'till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't ?

Eno. What mean you, sir, 60
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd : for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !
Grace grow where those drops fall ! my hearty
friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense :
For I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you
To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you, 70
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Palace. Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour : Good night to
you.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*]

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch. 80

1 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves on every Corner of the Stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of Hautboys under the Stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth. 90

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters? [*Speak together.*]

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Ay? Is't not strange? 100

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content:—'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CLEOPATRA'S Palace. *Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with CHARMIAN, and others.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come! mine armour!
Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

110

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—False, false! this, this!

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

120

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please

To doff it for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou: Dispatch.—O love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

O

Enter

Enter an Officer armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight. 130

Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it b', have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets flourish.]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!

All. Good morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me : 140
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukeable, *[Kisses her.]*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exeunt ANT. Officers, &c.]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight ! 149
Then, Antony—But now—Well, on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Near Alexandria. Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY,
and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus, 160

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp

Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it; 170
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause

O j

To

To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENO-
BARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agri. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit AGRIPPA.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near: 180
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, &c.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade 190
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That

That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger 200
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,

I tell you true: Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony, 210
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I
feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression 220
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
Room for six scotches more. 230

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage
serves

For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold

For

For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Enter ANTONY again in a March. SCARUS, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
240

And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears,
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To SCARUS.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, 251
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O in-

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey 260

Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled 270

Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether, 280

Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

CÆSAR's Camp. Enter a Centinel, and his Company.

ENOBARBUS follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard : The night
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

1 *Sold.* This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night !—

2 *Sold.* What man is this ?

1 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon ! 290
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent !

Cent. Enobarbus !

3 *Sold.* Peace ; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ; 300
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register

P

A master-

A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.

1 Sold. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

310

2 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Sold. Go we to him.

2 Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

1 Sold. Hear you, sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.—

[Drums afar off.

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:

Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is

Of note: our hour is fully out.

320

2 Sold. Come on then;

He may recover yet.

[Exeunt, with the Body.

SCENE X.

*Between the two Camps. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS,
with their Army.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight thereto. But this it is; Our foot

Upon

Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
 Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
 They have put forth the haven, 330
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
 Which, as I take it, we shall; for his best force
 Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
 And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter ANTONY, and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
 does stand,
 I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
 Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built 340
 In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
 Say, they know not—they cannot tell;—look
 grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
 His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
 Of what he has, and has not. [Exit.]

*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight. Re-enter
 ANTONY.*

Ant. All is lost;
 This foul Ægyptian hath betrayed me:

P i j

My

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together 350
 Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
 thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets 360
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Ægypt! this grave charm—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home:

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end—
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros! 368

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of

Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone—

[Exit CLEOPATRA.]

If it be well to live: But better 'twere,
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death 380
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die?
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.]

SCENE XI.

CLEOPATRA'S Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHAR-
MIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd. 391

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The

The soul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument :—

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence, Mardian ;
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monu-
ment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The same. Enter ANTONY, and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ? 401

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : Thou hast seen these
signs ;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord. 410

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,

The rack dislimns ; and makes it indistinçt,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Ægypt; and the queen—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't 420
A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace; 430
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she hath discharg'd: What thou would'st
do,

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
The name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then? 440

Mar. Dead.

Ant.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go,—Off, pluck off;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier;—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and 451
Weep for my pardon.—So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further:—Now all labour
Mans what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops, 460
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
 The courage of a woman, less noble mind
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros, 470
 That when the exigent should come (which now
 Is come, indeed), when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 'Tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not? 480

Ant. Eros,
 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy country. 491

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
 then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
 Or thy precedent services are all

Q

But

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.— [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn. 300

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why, there then:—Thus do I escape the
sorrow [EROS kills himself.

Of Antony's death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself! 311

Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*! what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and *Eros*
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, *Eros*,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his Sword.

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead!—
The guard?—how!—O, dispatch me. 320

Enter *DERCETAS*, and *Guards*.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant.

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

529

3 Guard. Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCEAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

540

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophe-
syng fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw

Q ij

(Which

(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
 She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
 Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
 dead ;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
 Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come, 550
 I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I
 pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The
 guard, what, ho !

Come, your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
 bides ;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not live
 to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
 fate 560

To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
 Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
 Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
 I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
 And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANT.*]

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

*A Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS, above.*

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; or size of sorrow, 570
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
stand

The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!

Antony! Antony!

Help, Charmian, help ; Iras, help ; help, friends
Below ; let's draw him hither. 581

Ant. Peace :

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo.

Cle. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying ; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

599

Cleo. I dare not,
Dear, dear, my lord, pardon ; I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony—
Help me, my women—we must draw thee up ;—
Assist, good friends.

601

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs
my lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come !—

[*They draw ANTONY up to CLEOPATRA.*]

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :
Quicken with kissing ;—had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

611

All.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!—

Cleo. They do not go together. 620

Ant. Gentle, hear me:—

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament not sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to 630
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more— [ANTONY dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are

Are level now with men : the odds is gone, 641
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!—

Char. O madam, madam, madam—

Iras. Royal Ægypt! empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.* 650

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman; and com-
 manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 'Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
 mian? 661

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take
 heart:—

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
 noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:

This

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

669

[*Exeunt, bearing off ANTONY's body.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's Camp. *Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Train.*

Cæsar.

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;

Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks

The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy

Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,

He was my master; and I wore my life,

10

To spend upon his haters: If thou please

To take me to thee, as I was to him

I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,

I yield thee up my life.

R

Cæs.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar! Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay 21
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood. 30

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods ! will give us 40
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs.

Cæs. O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament.
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts, 50
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you? 60

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet: The queen my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Rij

70
Egypt.

Ægypt. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her. 79

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit PROCULEIUS.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit. GALLUS.

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings; Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*The Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make 91
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister

A minister of her will : And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.—

Enter, below, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, &c.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Ægypt ;
And bids thee study on what fair demands 100
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please 110
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need : Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency ; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness, 120
Where

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it. 129

[*Aside.*] You see how easily she may be surpris'd;

[*Here GALLUS and Guard ascend the
Monument, and enter behind.*

Guard her, 'till Cæsar come.

[*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

PROCULEIUS rushes in, and disarms the Queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,

Do not abuse our master's bounty, by 140
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo.

Cleo. Where art thou, death ?

Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro. O, temperance, lady !

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;
If idle talk will once be necessary, 149
I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet, 160
And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.— 170
To

To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[To CLEOPATRA.]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit PROCULEIUS.]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam. 180

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd 190
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above

The

The element they liv'd in : In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands
were

As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra——

200

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a
man

As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam :

210

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir—

Dol. Though he be honourable—

220

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know it.

All. Make way there—Cæsar.

S

Enter

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, MECÆNAS, PROCULEIUS,
and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*CLEO. kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

230

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess, I have

Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,

240

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents

(Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find

A benefit in this change: but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis your's;
and we 250

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasure; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus. 260

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be ybur's;
And, should we shift estates, your's would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does 271
Even make me wild:—O slave of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Sij

Cæs.

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness 280
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady-trifles had reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded 289
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra, 300
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it your's,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear
queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; And so, adieu. 310

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cas. Not so : Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself : But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will. 320

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

Cleo. Dolabella ?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :

Make

Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise. 330

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rôme, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded, 340
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore. 350

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter

Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.—— 360
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed :
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave
To play 'till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ? *[A Noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor instrument
[Exit Guard.

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing 370
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his
biting

biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover. 381

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lye; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm. 391

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm. 400

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women; for

S. H. A. K. E. R. E.



ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

This proves me base.

Moreau le jeune del.

F. Bartolozzi sculp.

London Printed for J. Bell Bridd Library Strand, Aug^t 3^d 1786.

But in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell. 411

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the world. [Exit.]

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have immortal longings in me: Now no more

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble fall; I hear him near.

The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men, 420

To excuse their after wounds:—husband, I come!

Now to that name my courage prove my title!

I am fire, and air; my other elements

I give to baser life.—So—have you done?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewel, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[Alone.]

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall? [Exit Iras.]

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world 430

It is not worth leave-taking. [Exit Iras.]

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,

The gods themselves do weep!

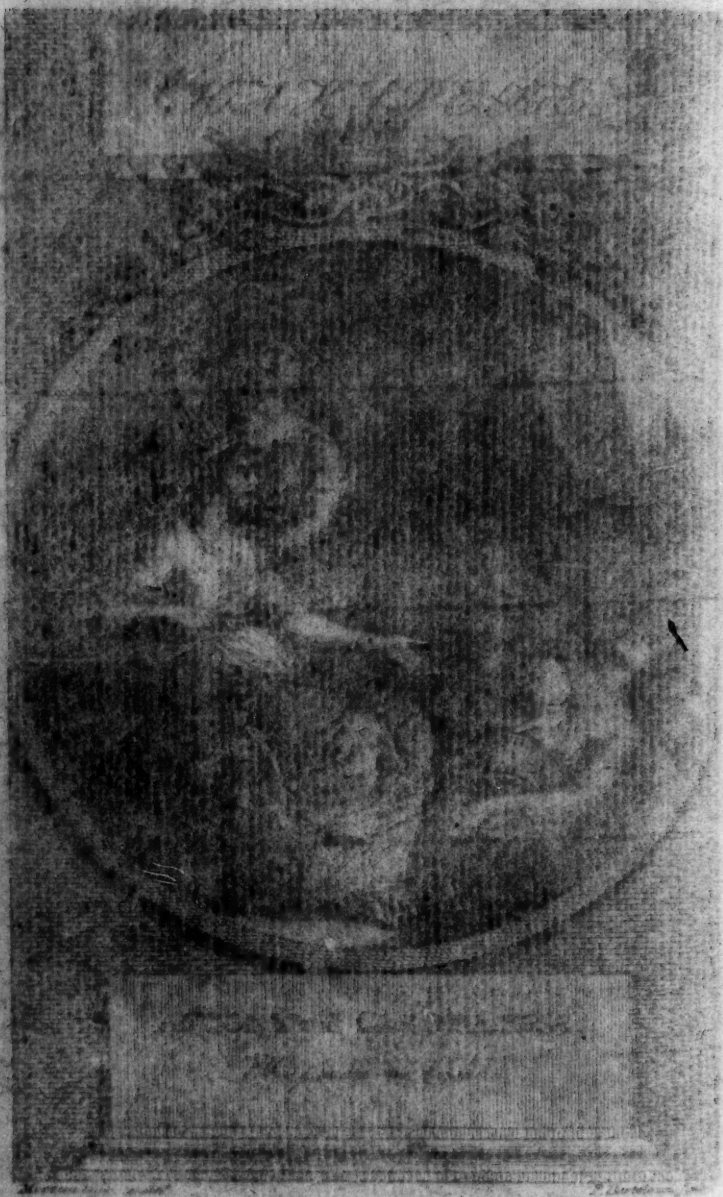
Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the cull'd Antony,

He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss

T

Which



London. Printed by J. Ball, in the Strand, Aug. 5th 1855.

for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell. 411

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm. [Exit.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have Immortal longings in me : Now no more

The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip :—

Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call ; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock

The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men. 420

To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :

Now to that name my courage prove my title !

I am fire, and air ; my other elements

I give to baser life.—So—have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewel, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[Applying the Asp.

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ? [To IRAS.

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world. 431

It is not worth leave-taking. [IRAS dies.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,

The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :

If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss,

T

Which

Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate

[*To the Asp.*

Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool, 440

Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak !

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass

Unpolicy'd !

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—

O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :— 450

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*

What, should I stay—

[*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world ?—So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death ! in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

460

Char. Too slow a messenger.—

CHARMIAN applies the Asp.

O, come ;

O, come ; apace, dispatch :—I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well : Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ;—
call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here ?—Charmian, is this
well done ?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier !

[CHARMIAN *dies*.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

470

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this : Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar !

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer ;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last :
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?—
I do not see them bleed.

481

Dol. Who was last with them ?

Tij

1 *Guard.*

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her
figs;

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden drop'd. 490

Cæs. O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here on her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-
leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves 500
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,

That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike

Æ V.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

145

Strike those that make them : and their story is 510
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. 515

[*Excunt omnes.*

THE END.



ANNOTATIONS

OF THE

THE

THE

WILLIAM

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS

UPON

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

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BY

EDM. JOHNSON ESQ. OF ST. PAUL'S

A. M.

THE LONDON COMMENTATORS

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— LONDON —

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ANNOTATIONS
UPON
ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

Line. 8. —*RENEGES*—] Renounces.

POPE.

So, in *King Lear*: “*Renegé*, affirm,” &c. This word is likewise used by Stanyhurst in his version of the second book of Virgil’s *Æneid*:

“To live now longer, Troy burnt, he *reneageth*.”

STEEVENS.

9. *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*

To cool a gypsy’s lust.—] In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written,

Aij

—*is*

—*is become the bellows, and the fan,*

To kindle and to cool a gypsy's lust. JOHNSON.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to cool and to kindle: "Methinks Venus and Nature stand with each of them a pair of bellows, one cooling my low birth, the other kindling my lofty affections."

STEEVENS.

I do not see any necessity for supposing a word lost. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakspeare probably considered it in that light only. We meet a similar phraseology in his *Venus and Adonis*, 1594:

"Then with her windy sighs and golden hair

"To fan and blow them dry again, she seeks."

MALONE.

10. —*gypsy's lust.*—] *Gypsy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Ægyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*.

JOHNSON.

12. *The triple pillar*—] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

It is used elsewhere by Shakspeare in the same sense.

HENLEY.

15. *There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"There are but *beggars* that can count their worth."

"*Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*"

Mart. l. vi. ep. 36.

STEEVENS.

16.

16. —*bourn*—] Bound or limit. POPE.

17. *Then must thou needs find out new heaven, &c.*] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords.

JOHNSON.

19. —*The sum*.] Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words. JOHNSON.

24. *Take in, &c.*] *i. e.* subdue, conquer. See act ii. l. 740. REED.

35. —*and the wide arch*

Of the rang'd empire fall!—] Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had any idea but of a fabrick standing on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raised* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was first given. JOHNSON.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Coriolanus*:

“—bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,

“In heaps and piles of ruin.”

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 2:
“Whatsoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine.”

STEEVENS.

41. —*to weet*,] To know. POPE.

45. —*Antony*
Will be himself.

Ant. But *stirr'd by Cleopatra*.—] But, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of
without,

without, unless, except. *Antony*, says the queen, will recollect his thoughts. Unless kept, he replies, in commotion by *Cleopatra*.

JOHNSON.

48. ———and his soft hours,] The old copy has *her*. Mr. Rowe made this correction, which is not necessary. By *her* I suppose Shakspeare meant the Queen of love.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“Let Love, being light be drowned, if *she* sink.”

MALONE.

49. *Let's not confound the time——*] *i. e.* Let us not consume the time.

MALONE.

54. *Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep;*] So, in our author's 150th Sonnet:

“Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,

“That in the very refuse of thy deeds

“There is such strength and warrantise of skill,

“That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?”

MALONE.

55. ———*whose——*] The folio reads *who*. The alteration by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

58. *To-night we'll wander through the streets, &c.]* So, in sir Thomas North's *Translation of the Life of Antonius*: “——Sometime also when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore men's windowes and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; *Cleopatra* would be also in a chamber-maide's array, and amble up and down the streets with him.”

&c.

STEEVENS.

66. *That he approves the common liar,—*] Fame.
That he *proves* the common liar, fame, in his case to
be a true reporter. MALONE.

69. *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprias*, a Southsayer, *Rannius*, *Lucillius*, Charmian, Iras, *Mardian* the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakspeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely overlook'd, together with the others whose names we find in this stage-direction. STEEVENS.

72. —change *his horns with garlands.*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is:—*must charge his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change for horns his garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*, or to *dress with changes* of garlands. JOHNSON.

So Taylor, the water-poet, describing the habit of a coachman: "—with a cloak of some py'd colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *variety* of them.

them. *Coriolanus* says, that he has received "*change of honours*" from the Patricians. Act ii. sc. 1.

STEEVENS.

It should, however, be remembered, that "*to charge with,*" was the language of Shakspeare's time, as it is also of the present day; and that "*to change with,*" when applied to two things, one of which is to be put in the place of the other, is the language neither of our author or any other writer. We do not say, "I'll *change* my coach *with* a chariot, but *for* a chariot." It should likewise be observed, that *change* is frequently printed in the first folio for *charge*, and *vice versa*, owing to both words being abbreviated in old English MSS. in the same manner—*chāge*.

MALONE.

92. *I had rather heat my liver—*] To know why the lady is so averse from *heating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face.

JOHNSON.

The following passage in an ancient satirical poem, entitled *Notes from Blackfryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnson's observation:

"He'll not approach a taverne, no nor drink ye,

"To save his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?

"For heating's *liver*; which some may suppose

"Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his nose*."

MALONE.

96. —to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage!—]
Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the
grant

grant of the kingdom of Judea ; but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. *Herod* was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he "*out-herods Herod*." And in this tragedy Alexas tells Cleopatra that "not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when she is angry ;" *i. e.* not even a man as fierce as *Herod*. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive to such power and dominion, that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke.

STEEVENS.

101. —*I love long life better than figs.*] This is a proverbial expression.

STEEVENS.

105. *Then, belike, my children shall have no names :—*] A fairer fortune, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus says Launce in the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* : "That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names*."

STEEVENS.

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation :

B

"Thy

“Thy issue blurr’d with nameless bastardy.”

MALONE.

108. *If every of your wishes had a womb,*

And foretold every wish a million.] This nonsense should be reformed thus:

If ev’ry of your wishes had a womb,

And fertile ev’ry wish,—— WARBURTON.

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation, which is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I should shame you, and tell all; that is, and if I should tell all.* And is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for *if*.

JOHNSON.

In the instance given by Dr. Johnson—“*I should shame you and tell all,*” *I* occurs in the former part of the sentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards; but here no personal pronoun has been introduced. Dr. Warburton’s emendation, therefore, which is so near the old copy, deserves, in my opinion, to be received.

MALONE.

132. Char. *Our worser thoughts heav’ns mend.*

Alex. *Come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a woman, &c.]* Whose fortune does Alexas call out to have told? But, in short, this I dare pronounce to be so palpable and signal a transposition, that I cannot but wonder it should have slipt the observation

servation of all the editors. The fact is evidently this ; Alexas brings a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and says himself, *We'll know all our fortunes.* Well ; the soothsayer begins with the women ; and some jokes pass upon the subject of husbands and chastity : after which the women, hoping for the satisfaction of having something to laugh at in Alexas's fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wish heartily that he may have the prognostication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole speech, therefore, must be placed to Charmian. There needs no stronger proof of this being a true correction, than the observation which Alexas immediately subjoins on their wishes and zeal to hear him abused.

THEOBALD.

177. ————*extended Asia,*] To *extend*, is a term used for to *seize* : I know not whether that be not the sense here.

JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation right. So, in *Twelfth-Night* :

“ ————this uncivil and unjust *extent*

“ Against thy peace.”

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*, the Extortioner says :

“ This manor is *extended* to my use.”

Mr. Tollet has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson's explanation is just ; “ for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia.” To *extend*, is a law term used for to seize lands and tene-

Bij

ments.

ments. In support of his assertion, he adds the following instance: "Those wasteful companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be seized. *Savile's Translation of Tacitus, dedicated to Q. Elizabeth.*" and then observes, that "Shakspeare knew the legal signification of the term, as appears from a passage in *As You Like It* :

"And let my officers of such a nature

"Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

STEEVENS.

188. *When our quick winds lie still;——]* The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good.

JOHNSON.

The *Tragedy of Crasus*, 1604, seems to contain a similar allusion :

"Whose knowledge clouded is with *prosp'rous winds.*"

Some one, I forget who, has proposed to read—*minds*. It is at least a conjecture that deserves to be mentioned.

STEEVENS.

I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing*. So, in *Genesis*, ch. xlv. "Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest."

BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-*

tows.

rows. Quick winds, I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows*; for such *fallows* are always fruitful in weeds.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to *lie still*, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and noxious herbage.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's description of *wind-rows* will gain him, I fear, but little reputation with the husbandman; nor, were it more accurate, does it appear to be in point, unless it can be shewn that *quick winds* and *wind-rows* are synonymous; and, further, that his interpretation will suit with the context.—Dr. Johnson hath considered the position as a general one, which indeed it is; but, being made by Antony, and applied to himself, *he*, figuratively, is the *idle soil*; the MALICE that speaks home, the *quick*, or cutting winds, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds; whilst *our* ILLS (that is *the* TRUTH faithfully) told us; a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness—is as *our* EARING; serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enable it to produce a profitable crop.

When

When the *quick winds lie still*, that is, in a mild winter, those weeds which “the tyrannous breathings of the north” would have cut off, will continue to grow and seed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow.

HENLEY.

205. ———the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself;—] The allusion is to the sun’s diurnal course; which rising in the east, and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the west, becomes *the opposite of itself*.

WARBURTON.

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered is such, that I can add nothing to it; yet perhaps Shakspeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain.

JOHNSON.

I rather understand the passage thus: *What we often cast from us in contempt, we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time; or by a frequent return of possession becomes undesirable and disagreeable.*

TOLLET.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage.—*The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.*

STEEVENS.

208. *The hand could pluck her back, &c.*] The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The sense is, *the hand*

hand that drove her off, would now willingly pluck her back again.

REVISAL.

Could, would, and should, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance.

STEEVENS.

223. —poorer moment:—] For less reason; upon meaner motives.

JOHNSON.

228. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;] I believe Shakspeare wrote:

“We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters.”

MALONE.

240. —it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, &c.] The meaning is this: As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.

ANONYMOUS.

251. —the tears live in an onion, &c.] So, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634: “So much water as you might squeeze out of an onion had been tears enough,” &c.

STEEVENS.

259. The cause of our expedience—] Expedience for expedition.

WARBURTON.

261. —more urgent touches,] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives.

JOHNSON.

264. Petition us at home:—] Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home.

JOHNSON.

274. —the courser's hair, &c.] Alludes to an old

old idle notion, that the hair of a horse, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 224: "—A horse-haire laid in a pale full of the like water, will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in his *Description of Ireland*:—"if you put the haire of a horse-taile in mire, puddle, or in a dung-hille for a certaine space, it will turne to a little thin sprauyling worme, which I have often seen and experimented." HENLEY.

Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly thought animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow.

TOLLET.

275. ————Say, our pleasure

To such whose places under us require

Our quick remove from hence.] Such is this passage in the first copy. The late editors have all altered it, or received it altered in silence thus:

———Say, our pleasure

To such whose place is under us, requires

Our quick remove from hence.

This is hardly sense. I believe we should read:

Their quick remove from hence.

Tell our design of going away to those, who being by their places obliged to attend us, must remove in haste.

JOHNSON.

Surely

Surely the old reading, with the slight amendment made by some former editor—*whose place is*—affords perfect sense.——“ Say to such whose place is under us, *i. e.* to our attendants, that our pleasure requires our quick remove from hence.” MALONE,

282. *I did not send you ;—*] You must go, as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

322. —*in our brows’ bent ;—*] *i. e.* in the arch of our eye-brows. STEEVENS.

323. —*a race of heaven :—*] *i. e.* had a smack or flavour of heaven. WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton ; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hammer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*.

JOHNSON.

Race, as applied to *ginger*, affords a better explanation. To speak of eyes, brows, &c. as a smack of heaven, savours too much of absurdity. HENLEY.

332. *Remains in use—*] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNSON.

342. ———*My more particular,*

And that which most with you should save my going,

Is Fulvia’s death.] Thus all the more modern editions ; the first and second folios read *safe* : all corruptedly. Antony is giving several reasons to Cleopatra, which make his departure from Ægypt necessary ; most of them reasons of state ; but the death of Fulvia, his wife, was a particular and pri-

vate call. Cleopatra is jealous of Antony, and suspicious that he is seeking colours for his going. Antony replies to her doubts, with the reasons that obliged him to be absent for a time; and tells her, that as his wife Fulvia is dead, and so she has no rival to be jealous of, that circumstance should be his best plea and excuse, and have the greatest weight with her for his going. Who does not see now, that it ought to be read :

—————*should salve my going.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads, I think rightly,

—————*safe my going.* JOHNSON.

346. ——— *Can Fulvia die?*] That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be:—*Will there ever be an end of your excuses? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure?* She has already said, that though age could not exempt her from follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief in all he says.

STEEVENS.

According to the author of THE REMARKS, Cleopatra simply means—Is it possible that Fulvia should die? I will not believe it. REED.

349. *The garboils she awak'd;—*] i. e. the commotion she occasioned. The word is used by Heywood in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638 :

“ ———thou, Tarquin, dost alone survive,

“ The head of all those *garboiles*.”

Again,

Again, by Stanyhurst, in his translation of the four first books of *Virgil's Æneid*, 1582 :

"Now manhood and garboils I chaunt, and martial horror."

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607 :

"Days of mourning by continuall garboiles were, however, numbered and encreased." The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgrave explains by *hurlyburly, great stir*. STEEVENS.

351. *O most false love!*

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water?—] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend.

JOHNSON.

So, in the first act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, written by Fletcher in conjunction with Shakspeare :

"Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,

"*Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*" STEEVENS.

363. *So Antony loves.*] *i. e.* uncertain, as the state of my health, is the love of Antony. STEEVENS

I believe Mr. Steevens is right; yet before I read his note, I thought the meaning to be—"My fears quickly render me ill; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me." *So, for so that.* If this be the true sense of the passage, it ought to be regulated thus :

I am quickly ill—and well again,

So Antony loves.

MALONE.

370. —to *Egypt*:—] To me, the queen of Egypt.

JOHNSON.

378. —Herculean *Roman*—] Antony traced his descent from *Anton*, a son of *Hercules*. STEEVENS.

385. *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,*

And I am all forgotten.] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget myself*. But she expresses it by calling *forgetfulness*, *Antony*; because *forgetfulness* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done.

WARBURTON.

I cannot understand the learned critick's explanation. It appears to me, that she should rather have said :

O my remembrance is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

It was her memory, not her oblivion, that, like Antony, was forgetting and deserting her. I think a slight change will restore the passage. The queen, having something to say, which she is not able, or would not seem able to recollect, cries out :

O my oblivion!—'Tis a very Antony.

The thought of which I was in quest is a very Antony, is treacherous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me :

And I am all forgotten.

If this reading stand, I think the explanation of Hammer must be received.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is certainly just, but I cannot perceive any need of change. Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppressed by

sorrow,

sorrow, and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing.* Oblivion, I believe, is boldly used for a memory apt to be deceitful.

If too great a latitude be taken in this explanation, we might with little violence read, as Mr. Edwards has proposed in his MS. notes :

Oh me! oblivion is a very Antony, &c. STEEVENS.

Perhaps nothing more is necessary here than a change of punctuation; *O my!* being still an exclamation in use.

HENLEY.

387. *But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.] i. e. But that your charms
hold me, who am the greatest fool on earth, in chains, I
should have adjudged you to be the greatest. That this
is the sense, is shewn by her answer:*

'Tis sweating labour,

To bear such idleness so near the heart,

As Cleopatra this.——

WARBURTON.

The sense may be:—*But that your queenship chooses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself.* So Webster (who was often a very close imitator of Shakspeare) in his *Vittoria Corom-bona*, 1612:

“———how idle am I

“To question my own idleness!”

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject*.—*But that I know you to be a queen, and that*
your

your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself. STEEVENS.

393. *Since my becoming's kill me,*——] There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her,

“——wrangling queen,

“Whom every thing becomes.”

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. STEEVENS.

416. ——*as the spots of heav'n,*

More fiery by night's blackness;] If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hammer reads:

——*spots on ermine,*

Or fires, *by night's blackness.*

JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—*As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but rather rendered more bright by the blackness of the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.*

That which answers to the *blackness of the night*, in the counterpart of the simile, is *Antony's goodness*. His goodness is a ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more prominent and conspicuous.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with

with respect to their *prominence and splendour*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other.— That the *prominence and splendour* of the stars were alone in Shakspeare's contemplation, appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, where a similar thought is less equivocally expressed :

“ Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
“ *Stick fiery off* indeed.”

A kindred thought occurs in *King Henry V.*

“ Though the truth of it stands off as gross
“ As black from white, my eye will scarcely see
it.”

Again, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*

“ And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
“ My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
“ Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes
“ Than that which hath no foil to set it off.”

MALONE.

418. — *purchas'd* —] Procur'd by his own fault or endeavour.

JOHNSON.

425. ————say, *this becomes him*;

As his composure must be rare indeed,

Whom these things cannot blemish; —] Though

the construction of this passage appear harsh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In *As You Like It*, we meet with the same kind of phraseology :

“ —what though you *have* beauty,
“ (*As* by my faith I see no more in you

“ Than

"Than without candle may go dark to bed),
 "Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?"

MALONE.

429. *So great weight in his lightness:—*] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us.

JOHNSON.

432. *Call on him for't:—*] *Call on him*, is, visit him. Says Cæsar, *If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones.*

JOHNSON.

435. *—boys; who, being mature in knowledge,*] By boys mature in knowledge, are meant, boys old enough to know their duty.

JOHNSON.

443. *That only have fear'd Cæsar:—*] Those whom not love but fear made adherents to Cæsar, now shew their affection for Pompey.

JOHNSON.

444. *The discontents repair—*] That is, the malecontents. So, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*

"—that may please the eye

"Of fickle changelings and poor discontents."

See the note there.

MALONE.

448. *—he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth
 love,*

Comes fear'd, by being lack'd.—] Let us examine the sense of this in plain prose. The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it.

it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be fear'd by them. But do the multitude fear a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read,

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasion'd this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*."

WARBURTON.

This passage has been happily amended by Dr. Warburton; but surely there is something yet wanting. What is the meaning of—"ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love?" I have no doubt that the second *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read—"ne'er lov'd, till *not* worth love."

MALONE.

452. *Goes to, and back, lashing the varying tide,*

To rot itself with motion.] How can a flag, or rush, floating upon a stream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be said to lash the tide? This is making a scourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. All the old editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, there is no sense in that reading; but the addition of a single letter will not only give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain.

————Lacquing the varying tide,

D

i. e.

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lacquey*, at his master's heels.

THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*:

"——— who would willingly

" *Lacky* along so vast a lake of brine?"

Again, in his version of the 24th *Iliad*:

" My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lackying* by thy side."

Again, in the Prologue to the second part of *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

" O that our power

" Could *lacky* or keep pace with our desires!"

Again, in the whole magnificent entertainment given to king James, queen Anne his wife, &c. March 15, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: " The minutes (that *lackey* the heeles of time) run not faster away than do our joyes."

STEEVENS.

453. Perhaps *another messenger* should be noted here, as entering with fresh news.

STEEVENS.

456. ——— *which they ear* ———] To *ear*, is to plow; a common metaphor.

JOHNSON.

To *ear*, is not, however, at this time, a common word. I meet with it again in Turbervile's *Falconry*, 1575:

" ——— because I have a larger field to *ear*."

STEEVENS.

459.

459. *Lack blood to think on't,——*] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

——and flush youth——] *Flush youth* is youth ripened to manhood; *youth*, whose blood is at the flow.

STEEVENS.

464. *——thy lascivious wassels.——*] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. For a more particular account of the word, see *Macbeth*, act i. sc. ult. The old copy, however, reads *vassailes*.

STEEVENS.

Vassals is, without question, the true reading.

HENLEY.

469. *——Thou didst drink*

The stale of horses,——] All these circumstances of Antony's distress are taken literally from Plutarch.

STEEVENS.

470. *——gilded puddle*] There is frequently observable on the surface of pools, that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold-coloured slime: to this appearance the poet here refers. As the skin, when smeared with blood, is of a similar hue, I cannot but fancy that lady Macbeth's expression takes its colour from thence:

“If he do bleed,

“I'll gild the faces of his grooms withal.”

HENLEY.

482. *Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain*

Did shew ourselves i' the field;] The first and second folio read,

Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain, &c.

Dij

The

The order of the words has been changed, and a word added for the sake of the metre. But it is very improbable that "'tis time," should have been either written or printed for "*Time is it.*" The editors amended the line, I think, in the wrong place. I suppose a word was omitted at the press (which very often happens), and that our author wrote,

———Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome *disgrac'd*: 'Tis time we
twain, &c. MALONE.

484. *Assemble me immediate council*:] The second folio reads, perhaps rightly,—*Assemble we*——. So, afterwards:

"———Haste *we* for it;

"Yet, ere *we* put ourselves to arms, dispatch *we*

"The business *we* have talk'd of."

There are many instances, in our author's plays, of the other phraseology; but seldom, I believe, in solemn dialogue. MALONE.

498. —*mandragora*.] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in *Othello*:

"Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,

"Nor all the drowsy syrups of the east,

"Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep."

JOHNSON.

So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"Come, violent death,

"Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep."

STEEVENS.

——to

———*to drink mandragora.*] Gerard, in his *Herbal*, says of the *mandragoras*: “Dioscorides doth particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which, notwithstanding, there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowsie and sleeping power thereof.”

In Adlington's *Apuleius* (of which the epistle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to. bl. let. p. 187. lib. 10: “I gave him no poyson, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead.”

PERCY.

523. *And burgonet of man*———] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet*. So, in *Henry VI*.

“This day I'll wear aloft my *burgonet*.”

Again, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“This, by the gods and my good sword, I'll set

“In bloody lines upon thy *burgonet*.” STEEVENS.

528. ——*Broad-fronted Cæsar*,] In allusion to Cæsar's baldness.

HENLEY.

536. ——*that great medicine hath with his tinct gilded thee.*] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*.

JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

“O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures.”

And on this passage he has the following note: “The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the

the *great elixir*, to which he here alludes." Thus, in the *Chanones Yemannes Tale* of Chaucer, late edit. v. 16,330:

"——the philosophre's stone,
" *Elixir* cleped, we seken fast eche on."

STEEVENS.

549. ——*arm-gaunt steed*,] *i. e.* his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax:

"His *stall-worn* steed the champion stout be-
strode."

WARBURTON.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very lavish of his pleasantry, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn* for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seward, in his preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* steed is a steed with *lean shoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonic word for *want* or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed. Edwards's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse rather than a war-horse. Yet as *arm-gaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads:

——*arm-girt steed*.

JOHNSON.

The following compound word, which I find in Chaucer's

Chaucer's description of a king of Thrace, in the *Knight's Tale*, may support Dr. Johnson's explanation:

"A wreth of gold *arm-gret*, of huge weight

"Upon his hed," &c. late edit. v. 2147.

Armgrete is as big as the arm, and *arm-gaunt* may mean as slender as the arm. We still say, in vulgar comparison, *as long as my arm, as thick as my leg, &c.*

Again, in the Booke of *Fyshing*, &c. bl. let. no date:

"—cut between Michelmas and Candellmas a fayre staff of a fadome and a half longe and *arm-great* of hasyll," &c. Again, in *Lidgate*: "—*Line-right*,"

i. e. as straight as a line.

STEEVENS.

551. *Was beastly dumb by him.*] Mr. Theobald reads *dumb'd*, put to silence. "Alexas means (says he), the horse made such a neighing, that if he had spoke he could not have been heard." JOHNSON.

The verb which Theobald would introduce, is found in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Deep clerks she *dumbs*," &c. STEEVENS.

580. *My sallad days!*

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!

To say, as I said then!—] This puzzles the late editor, Mr. Theobald. He says: "Cleopatra may speak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: but how truly with regard to the coldness of her blood, may admit some question:" and then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* season of her *blood*, she had seen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be justified, because Plutarch calls Cleopatra at those years,

years, *Kógn*, which, by ill luck, proves just the contrary; for that state which the Greeks designed by *Kógn*, was the very height of blood. But Shakspeare's best justification is restoring his own sense, which is done merely by a different pointing:

My sallad days;

When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!

To say as I said then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *Those*, says she, *were my sallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.*

WARBURTON.

584. —*unpeople Ægypt.*] By sending out messengers.

JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 1. THE persons are so named in the first edition; but I know not why Menecrates appears; Menas can do all without him.

JOHNSON.

5. *Whiles we are suitors to their throne*, decays

The thing we sue for.] The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.*

JOHNSON.

13. In old editions,

My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope

Says it will come to th' full.] What does the

relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *sense* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's allusion is to the *moon*; and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or *crescent*; but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a *full orb*. THEOBALD.

26. —*thy wan lip!*] In the old edition it is

—*thy wan'd lip!*

Perhaps, for *fond lip*, or *warm lip*, says Dr. Johnson. *Wan'd*, if it stand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in *Hamlet*:

“That, from her working, all his visage *wan'd*.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

“———a cheek

“Not as yet *wan'd*.”

Or perhaps *waned lip*, *i. e.* decreased, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

“And Cleopatra then to seek had been

“So firm a lover of her *wained* face.”

Again, in the *Skygger's Play*, among the Chester collection of *Mysteries*, MS. Harl. 1013. p. 152:

“O blessed be thou ever and aye,

“Now *wayned* is all my woo.”

Yet this expression of Pompey's, perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra: *i. e.* that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her

E

lover.

lover. The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to shew the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *vild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn*: why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here?

If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd*, i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full.

PERCY.

35. —since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis

A space for farther travel.] i. e. since he quitted *Ægypt*, a space of time has elapsed, in which a longer journey might have been performed than from *Ægypt* to Rome.

STEEVENS.

39. —would have don'd his helm] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“Call upon our dame aloud,

“Bid her quickly *don* her shrowd.”

STEEVENS.

45. *I cannot hope, &c.*] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in four vols. 8vo. 1775. observes, that to *hope*, on this occasion, means to *expect*. So, in the *Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:

“Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded.”

STEEVENS.

48. —warr'd upon him;—] Thus the second folio; the first *wan'd*. The present reading is, however, ascertained to be the true one, by a passage in the next scene, in which Cæsar says to Antony,

“——your wife and brother

“Made wars upon me.”

MALONE.

53. —square—] That is, *quarrel*. STEEVENS.

59. *Our lives upon*,——] This play is not divided into acts by the author or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the second act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted.

JOHNSON.

68. *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,*

I would not shav't to-day.] I believe he means, *I would meet him undressed, without shew of respect.*

JOHNSON.

91. *Nor curstness grow to the matter.*] Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference.

JOHNSON.

112. Cæs. *Sit.*

Ant. *Sit, sir!*] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, *Nay then—i. e.* if you are so ready to resent what I meant an act of

E ij

civility,

civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this, as well as the preceding speech.

STEEVENS.

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Condé de Lemos; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, *Condé de Lemos, be covered*. And being asked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebastian.

JOHNSON.

112. *Did practise on my state,—*] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1595.

“——nothing kills me so,

“As that I so my Cleopatra see

“*Practise* with Cæsar.”

STEEVENS.

113. ———*question.*] *i. e.* My theme or subject of conversation. So, again, in this sense:

“Out of our *question* wipe him.”

See a note on *Hamlet*, act i. “Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape,” &c.

MALONE.

117. ———*their contestation*

Was theam for you, you were the word of war.]
Was theam for you, I believe means only, *was proposed*
as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive
plan;

plan; as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1.

“ ——— throw forth greater *themes*

“ For insurrection’s arguing.”

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, “ ——— the *theme* of our assembly.”

STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— Two truths are told

“ As happy prologues to the swelling act

“ Of the imperial *theme*.”

And, in *Cymbeline*:

“ When a soldier was the *theme*, my name

“ Was not far off.”

HENLEY.

119. ——— *my brother never*

Did urge me in his act: —] *i. e.* Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war.

WARBURTON.

121. ——— *true reports*,] *Reports for reporters*. Mr. Tollet observes, that Holinshed, p. 1181, uses *records* for *vouchers*.

STEEVENS.

127. *As matter whole you have not to make it with*,] The original copy reads:

As matter whole you have to make it with.

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author’s works have necessarily taken.

JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony’s acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar; but

but yet Antony does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alleged against him.

STEEVENS.

136. ———with graceful eyes——] Thus the old copy reads, and, I believe, rightly. STEEVENS.

We still speak of *looking* on a thing with a *good* grace. * * *

137. —fronted—] i. e. *opposed*. JOHNSON.

—————As for my wife,

I wish you had her spirit in such another:] In such another! In what other? Surely there can be no doubt that we ought to read:

I wish you had her spirit; *e'en* such another.

In has again been printed by mistake in this play, and has been rightly corrected: "No more, but *in* a woman." So also, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, edit. 1623: "What have you here?—*In* (for *e'en*) that you have there." MALONE.

155. *I told him of myself;—*] i. e. Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience.

WARBURTON.

164. *The honour is sacred—*] Antony, in my opinion, means to say—"The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself." MALONE.

192. ———your considerate stone.] I believe, *Go to then, your considerate stone*, means only this: *If I must be*

be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. As silent as a stone, however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1598:

“Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be a stone.

“Mido.] A stone, how should that be, &c.

“Rebecca.] I meant thou should'st nothing say.”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. let. no date:

“Guy let it passe as still as stone,

“And to the steward word spake none.”

Again, in *Gower, De Confessione Amantis*, B. I. fol. 17,

“But he lay still as any stone.”

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, act iii. sc. 1:

“A stone is silent and offendeth not.”

Again, Chaucer:

“To riden by the way, dombe as the stone.”

Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question, thus:

“I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions.”

STEEVENS.

193. *I do not much dislike the matter, but*

The manner of his speech:—] I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for't cannot be, we shall remain in friendship: yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it.

JOHNSON.

204. *Say not so, Agrippa;*] The old copy has—

Say

Say not *say*. Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction.

MALONE.

205. ———— *your reproof*

Were well deserv'd ————

In the old edition:

————— *your proof*

Were well deserv'd ————] Which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *approve*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inserted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own.

JOHNSON.

247. *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;*] *Lest* I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him.

JOHNSON.

281. —*be square to her.*] *i. e.* if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits.

STEEVENS.

297. *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see, &c.*] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes, mentioned by Pliny, l. 35. c. 10.

WARBURTON.

302. *And what they undid, did.*] It might be read less harshly,

And what they did, undid.

JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what they undid*, *i. e.* that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, *i. e.* they in fact produced.

MALONE.

305. — *tended her i' th' eyes,*] That is, *obeyed her looks, without waiting for her words.* HENLEY.

306. *And made their bends* adornings :—] This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus; her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakspeare would say : Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus just rising from the waves : at which time the Mythologists tell us, the sea-deities surrounded the goddess to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable, Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole, therefore, conformable to the story represented, we may be assured Shakspeare wrote,

And made their bends adorings.

They did her observance in the posture of *adoration*, as if she had been Venus. WARBURTON.

That Cleopatra personated Venus, we know; but that Shakspeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the Deities of the sea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard so much about *the line of beauty*. The whole passage is taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch : “ She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the riuer of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of golde, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, whiche kept stroke in rowing after the sounde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls,

and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed vnder a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do set forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters), and like the Graces, some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete sauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the riuer's side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his imperiall seate to geve audience," &c.

Had Shakspeare written *adore* instead of *adorn*, it has been observed they were once synonymously used. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. xi.

"Congealed little drops which do the morn
adore."

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And those true tears, falling on your pure
chrystals,

"Should

“Should turn to armlets for great queens to
adore.”

STEEVENS.

I think *bends* or *bands* is the same word, and means, in this place, the several *companies* of Nereids that waited on Cleopatra. It is said in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender* for May: “A fresh *bend* of lovely nymphs did attend on lady Flora.” It is easy to conceive how these attendants, being happily disposed in groups, might add new graces to the appearance of their mistress. So, in *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 3: “Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperess? Unfurnished of her *well-beseeming troop*?”

TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet may be right. So, in Thomas Drant's translation of the third epistle of *Horace*, 1567:

“Quid studiosa *cohors* operum struit?”

“What dothe our busye *bende* of clarkes?”

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, K. Henry VIII. p. 75: “—should be set in the breste of the battaill or *bend* of footmen.” Again, “—most goodly battaill or *bend* of footmen.”

STEEVENS.

And made their bends adornings:—] *Their bends*, I apprehend, refers to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. *Her attendants, in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the bends or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty.*

In our author we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first act of this play:

“Those his goodly *eyes*

“——now *bend*, now turn,” &c.

Again:

F i j

“Eternity

"Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

"Bliss in our brows *bent*."

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

"Although they wear their faces to the *bent*

"Of the king's looks."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"All gaze and *bent* of amorous view."

And lastly, in *Julius Caesar*, which affords an instance exactly apposite :

"And that same *eye* whose *bend* doth awe the world."

MALONE.

I cannot but prefer the conjecture of Dr. Warburton, which substitutes *adorings* for *adornings*. Thus, in *Timon* : "The lords rise from table with much *adoring* of Timon." There is in Gray's *Descent of Venus*, a passage which illustrates both Shakspeare and the bishop's emendation :

"Slow solemn strains their queen's approach declare,

"Where'er she turns, the graces *homage* pay."

I quote this example the rather, because in the passage of Milton from which these lines were imitated, the verb *adore* is used precisely in the same manner as here supposed by Shakspeare :

"———what WOMAN will you find,

"Though of this age the wonder and the fame,

"On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye

"Of fond desire ? or should she confident,

"As sitting queen ADOR'D on beauty's throne,

"Descend

"Descend with all her winning charms begirt,

"To enamour——."

HENLEY.

314. —— *which, but for vacancy,*

Had gone——] Alluding to an axiom in

the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum.*

WARBURTON.

336. —— *nor custom stale*] This verb is used by Heywood in the *Iron Age*, 1632: "One that hath stal'd his courtly tricks at home."

STEEVENS.

337. —— *Other women cloy*

The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,

Where most she satisfies.——] Almost the

same thought, clothed nearly in the same expressions, is found in the old play of *Pericles*: "Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry the more she gives them speech."

Again, in our author:

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,

"But rather famish them amid their plenty."

MALONE.

339. —— *for vilest things*

Become themselves in her;] So, in our author's

150th sonnet:

"Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill?"

MALONE.

341. —— *when she is riggish.*] *Rigg* is an ancient word, meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,

"Or else be sure such *ryggs* my care shall prove."

Again:

Again :

“ Immodest rigg, I Ovid’s counsel used.”

STEEVENS.

343. ——— *Octavia is*

A blessed lottery to him.] Lottery, for allotment.

HENLEY.

The ghost of Andrea in the *Spanish Tragedy*, says,

“ Minos in graven leaves of lottery

“ Drew forth the manner of my life and death.”

FARMER.

So, in Stanyhurst’s translation of *Virgil*, 1582 :

“ By this hap escaping the filth of *lottarye* carnal.”

Again, in the *Honest Man’s Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ ———fainting under

“ Fortune’s false lottery.”

STEEVENS.

352. ——— *shall bow in prayers]* The old copy reads,

——— *shall bow my prayers,*

which I believe to be the true reading. The same construction is in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1.

“ *Shouting their emulation.*”

Again, in *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2.

“ *Smile you my speeches?*”

STEEVENS.

357. ——— *Good night, dear lady.*

Oct. *Good night, sir.]* These last words, in the only authentick copy of this play, are given to Antony. I see no need of change. He addresses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies, *Good night.*

MALONE.

364. *I see it in*

My motion,——] *i. e.* The divinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

374. *Becomes a Fear,——]* *i. e.* a fearful thing.

The abstract for the concrete. WARBURTON.

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to it in the *Maid's Tragedy*, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work :

“——and then a *Fear* :

“Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.”——

Spenser had likewise personified *Fear*, in the 12th canto of the third book of his *Faery Queen*. In the sacred writings *Fear* is also a person : “I will put a fear in the land of Egypt.” *Exodus*.

The whole thought is borrowed from Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch : “With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Ægypt, that coulde cast a figure, and iudge of men's natiuities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he founde it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether bleamished, and obscured by Cæsar's fortune : and therefore he counselled him vtterly to leaue his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon, said he (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee), is affraied of his : and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh

becometh fearefull and timorous when he commeth neere vnto the other." STEEVENS.

383. *But, he away, 'tis noble.*] The old copy reads *alway*. Mr. Pope, I believe, corrected it. MALONE.

391. —*his quails*—] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "For, it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should haue any thing, or whether they plaied at dice, Antonius alway lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cockefight, or quails that were taught to fight one with an other: Cæsar's cockes or quails did euer ouercome." STEEVENS.

392. —*in hoop'd at odds*.—] Thus the old copy. *In hoop'd* is *inclosed*, *confined*, that they may fight.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare gives us the practice of his own time. John Davies begins one of his epigrams upon *proverbs*:

"He sets cocke *on* the hoope," *in*, you would say;

"For cocking *in hoopes* is now all the play."

FARMER.

404. —*at mount*] i. e. Mount Misenum.

STEEVENS.

411. —*Musick, moody food*] *Moody*, in this instance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*. STEEVENS.

Moody is applied as an epithet to melancholy, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

"But *moody* and dull *melancholy*?" MALONE.

423. *Tawny-finn'd fishes :—*] The first copy reads:
Tawny fine fishes.——— JOHNSON.

429. *Did hang a salt fish, &c.*] This circumstance
 is likewise taken from Sir Tho. North's translation of
 the life of Antony in *Plutarch*. STEEVENS.

435. ————— *whilst*

I wore his sword Philippan.———] We are
 not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history,
 that Antony had any particular sword so called. The
 dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much
 more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment
 à posteriori. We find Antony, afterwards, in this
 play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi.

Ant. *Yes, my lord, yes ; he at Philippi kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer ; while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius, &c.*

That was the greatest action of Antony's life ; and
 therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimat-
 ing, that this sword ought to be denominated from
 that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern
 heroes in romance are made to give their swords
 pompous names. THEOBALD.

437. *Ram thou thy fruitful tidings—*] Shakspeare
 probably wrote (as Sir T. Hanmer observes), *Rain*
thou, &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful*
 and *barren*. So, in *Timon* :

“ *Rain* sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear.”

Again, in *The Tempest* :

“ ———Heavens *rain* grace !”

STEEVENS.

453. ————— If Antony

*Be free, and healthful—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings!]* There seems
to have been a word omitted. We might read:

————— If Antony

Be free and healthful, needs so tart a favour, &c.

MALONE.

A former editor reads,

“ ————— Why so tart a favour.”

457. *Not like a formal man.*] By a *formal* man, Shakspeare means, a man *in his senses*. *Informal* women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women *beside themselves*.

STEEVENS.

Formal man, I believe, only means a man *in form*, i. e. *shape*. You should come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640:

“ The very devil assum’d thee *formally*.”

i. e. assumed thy form.

MALONE.

459. *I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak’st;*

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, ’tis well,

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I’ll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.—] We surely should read, *is well*. The messenger is to have his reward, if he says, that Antony is *alive, in health, and either friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this reading, being thoroughly convinced of its probability and propriety. STEEVENS.

462.

462. *I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail*

Rich pearls upon thee.] That is, I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*; so Milton:

“——the gorgeous east with liberal hand

“*Showers* on her kings barbarick *pearl* and *gold*.”

In the Life of Timur-bec or Tamerlane, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Mons. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, Book II. chap. 1.

“*Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries selon la coutume.*”

WARBURTON.

499. *Draws a dagger.*] The old copy—*Draw a knife.*

STEEVENS.

505. *Melt Egypt into Nile!*——] So, in the first scene of this play:

“Let Rome in Tyber melt,” &c. STEEVENS.

510. *These hands do lack nobility, that they strike*

A meaner than myself;——] This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbade a knight to engage with his inferior.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty

used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene, there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's inquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary Queen of Scots.

MALONE.

525. —were submerg'd,——] *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water. So, in the *Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“—spoil'd, lost, and *submerg'd* in the inundation,”

&c.

STEEVENS.

535. *Thou art not what thou'rt sure of!*—] For this, which is not easily understood, Sir T. Hanmer has given,

That say'st but what thou'rt sure of!

I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense, exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts :

O that this fault should make a knave of thee,

Thou art—not what ?—Thou'rt sure on't. Get thee hence :

That his fault should make a knave of thee that art—but what shall I say thou art not ? Thou art then sure of this marriage.—Get thee hence.

Dr. Warburton has received Sir T. Hanmer's emendation.

JOHNSON.

In *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2. is a passage so much resembling this, that I cannot help pointing it out for the use of some future commentator, though I am unable to apply it with success to the very difficult line before us :

“ Drest

"Drest in a little brief authority,

"*Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,*

"His glassy essence."

STEEVENS.

Thou art not what thou'rt sure of!—] *i. e.* Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, but thou art in my opinion a knave by thy master's fault alone.

TOLLET.

I suspect, the editors have endeavoured to correct this passage in the wrong place. Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herself, and to be ashamed of having struck the servant for the fault of his master. She then very naturally exclaims,

"O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

"That art not what thou'rt *sore* of!"

for so I would read, with the change of only one letter.—Alas! is it not strange, that the fault of Antony should make thee appear to me a knave, thee that art innocent, and art not the cause of that ill news, in consequence of which thou art yet *sore* with my blows!

MALONE.

545. —*the feature of Octavia,*——] By *feature* seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "——rich thou art, *featur'd* thou art, feared thou art." Spenser uses *feature* for the whole turn of the body. *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. 8.

"Thus when they had the witch disrobed quite,

"And all her filthy *feature* open shown."

Again, in B. III. c. 9.

"She

"She also doft her heavy haberjeon,
 "Which the fair *feature of her limbs* did hide."

STEEVENS.

546. ——— *let him not leave out*

The colour of her hair:—] This is one of Shakspeare's masterly touches. Cleopatra, after bidding Alexas to inquire of the messenger concerning the beauty, age, and temperament of Octavia, immediately adds, *let him not leave out the colour of her hair*; as from thence she might be able to judge for herself, of her rival's propensity to those pleasures, upon which her passion for Antony was founded. A reference to the same diagnostick occurs also in *As You Like It*:

"Ros. I'faith his *hair* is of a GOOD colour.

"Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour."

HENLEY.

548. *Let him for ever go.—*] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony.

JOHNSON.

550. *The other way he is a Mars:—*] In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her passion, upon the news of Antony's marriage, says,

Let him for ever go—Let him not—Charmian,—

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars.—

This, I think, would be more spirited thus:

Let

Let him for ever go—let him—no—Charmian;

Though he be painted, &c.

TYRWHITT.

579. *Thou canst not fear us—*] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy.

JOHNSON.

584. *But since the cuckow builds not for himself,*] Since, like the cuckow, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

JOHNSON.

So, in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny*, B. X. ch. 9.

“These (*cuckows*) lay alwaies in other birds' nests.”

STEEVENS.

620. *What counts harsh fortune casts, &c.*] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick.

WARBURTON.

642. —to *Cæsar*—] *i. e.* To Julius Cæsar.

STEEVENS.

666. *I will praise any man that will praise me:*] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection.

WARBURTON.

714. —*Some o' their plants*—] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot*, from the Latin.

JOHNSON.

718. *They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. **WARBURTON.**

719. *As they pinch one another by the disposition,*—] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place.* **WARBURTON.**

726. — *a partizan*——] A pike. **JOHNSON.**

727. *To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.*] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this:

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disaster the cheeks. **JOHNSON.**

In the eighth book of the *Civil Wars*, by Daniel, st. 103, is a passage which resembles this, though it will hardly serve to explain it. The earl of Warwick says to his confessor,

“ I know that I am fix'd unto a sphere

“ *That is ordain'd to move.*” **STEEVENS.**

730. *They take the flow o' the Nile—*] Pliny, speaking of the Nile, says, “ How high it riseth, is knowne by markes and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubites. Under that gage, the waters overflow not all. Above that stint,

stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is drie and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when it is no higher than twelve cubites, it findeth extreame famine: yea, and at thirteen it feeleth hunger still; fourteen cubites comforts their hearts; fifteen bids them take no care; but sixteen affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties. So soone as any part of the land is freed from the water, streight waies it is sowed." *Philemon Holland's Translation, 1601, B. V. ch. 9.*

732. —*the mean,—*] *i. e.* the middle. STEEVENS.

733. Or foizon, follow:—] *Foizon* is a French word, signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North. STEEVENS.

749. *I have heard, the Ptolemies' Pyramises are very goodly things;*] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1658:

"Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*

"Above the host and altar reared is."

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, which perhaps he preferred, as better suited to the pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated. In other places he has introduced the Latin plural

H

pyramides,

pyramides, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play :

“ My country’s high *pyramides*—.” act v. sc. 2.

MALONE.

790. ———or *sky* inclips,] *i. e.* embraces.

STEEVENS.

794. ———*Let me cut the cable* ;] So, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra: Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: Shall I cut the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord, not only of Sicile and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey hauing pawsed a while vpon it, at length aunswered him: thou shouldest haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we must content vs with that we haue. As for my selfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor.”

STEEVENS.

796. *All then is thine.*] The old copy reads: *All there is thine.* If alteration be necessary, we might as well give: *All theirs is thine.* *All there*, however, may mean *all in the vessel.*

STEEVENS.

806. —*thy pall’d fortunes*—] *Palled*, is *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *History of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

“ Can comfort more the careful corps and over-
palled spright.”

STEEVENS.

823.

823. —*Strike the vessels,*—] Try whether the casks sound as empty. JOHNSON.

I believe, *strike the vessels*, means no more than *chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, chink glasses.*

STEEVENS.

842. In old editions :

The holding every man shall beat,—] Mr. Theobald's emendation of *beat* to *bear*, is very plausible; and yet *beat* I believe to have been the poet's word, however harsh it may appear at present. In *Henry VIII.* we find a similar expression :

“ —let the musick *knock* it.” STEEVENS.

The holding every man shall beat,—] Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause. JOHNSON.

845. —*with pink cyne* :—] That is, *red eyes* : eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ —such *ferret* and such fiery eyes.”

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592 :

“ —like a *pink-ey'd ferret*.” Again, in a song sung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594 :

“ Thou makest some to stumble, and many mo
to fumble,

“ And me have *pinky cyne*, most brave and jolly
wine !” STEEVENS.

860. *O, Antony, you have my father's house,*] The historian Paterculus says : “ *Cum Pompeio quoque circa*

Hij

Misenum

Misenum pax inita: Qui haud absurdo, cum in navi Casaremque et Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit: In Carinis suis se cœnam dare; referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidebatur." Our author, though he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story.

WARBURTON.

The joke of which the learned editor seems to lament the loss, is not preserved in the old translation of Plutarch, and Shakspeare looked no further.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens might have remarked, that, as the joke had slipped through the fingers of Plutarch, it was not likely to reach his translator. Dio, however, hath preserved it: Επειδη την οικίαν αυτη την παλῶσαν την εν ταις Καριναις κατειχε, — αποσπῶντας τροπον τινα ἱδισον, εν ταις ΚΑΡΙΝΑΙΣ αυτης ἱστιαν εφη. XLVIII.

P. 555.

HENLEY.

ACT III.

Line 1. **STRUCK**] alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself.

JOHNSON.

4. —*Thy Pacorus, Orodes!*] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia.

STEEVENS.

80. ————*that,*

*Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction:] Grant, for afford.*

It is badly and obscurely expressed; but the sense is this, *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight. WARBURTON.

54. ————*Arabian bird!] The phœnix.*

JOHNSON.

58. —*bards, poets,—]* Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend.

JOHNSON.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is to *make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers.

So, in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph*, by Sir P. Sidney, printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“Vertue,

“ Vertue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound,
charme,

“ My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, love, de-
light :

“ First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,

“ His works, showes, sutes, with wit, grace, and
vowes-might.

“ Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and
deepe,

“ Held, pearst, possest, my judgment, sence, and
will;

“ Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale,
creepe,

“ Bands, favour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

“ Then grieve, unkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled,
taught,

“ Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, dis-
daine :

“ But ah, alas (in vaine) my mind, sight, thought,

“ Doth him, his face, his words, leave, shunne,
refraine :

“ For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench,
ease,

“ Mine own, embraced, sought, knot, fire, dis-
ease.”

STEEVENS.

63. *They are his shards, and he their beetle.—] i. e.*
They are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect
from

from the ground. See Note on *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2.

STEEVENS.

67. *You take from me a great part of myself;*] So in *The Tempest*:

"I have given you here a third of my own life."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"I have a kind of self resides in you."

MALONE.

69. ————*as my furthest band*] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct.

JOHNSON.

81. ————*therein curious,*] *i. e.* scrupulous.

86. *The elements be kind, &c.*] (*i. e.* the elements of air and water) *I wish you a good voyage!* Octavia was going to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens.

T. H. W.

100. —*were he a horse;*] A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.

STEEVENS.

108. *Believe it till I weep too.*] The sense is: *Believe it* (says Enobarbus), *that Antony did so*, *i. e.* *that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality (like his), will be tears of joy.* I have replaced the old reading. Theobald read, "'till I wept too."

STEEVENS.

138. *Is she as tall as me ? &c. &c. &c.*] This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by Queen Elizabeth to Sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental.

STEEVENS.

142. *That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.*] Cleopatra, perhaps, does not mean—"That is not so good a piece of intelligence as your last ;" but, "*That, i. e.* a low voice, is not so good as a shrill tongue."

That she did not herself esteem a low voice (on which our author never omits to introduce an eulogium, when he has an opportunity) as a merit in a lady, appears from what she adds afterwards—"Dull of tongue and dwarfish!"—If the words be understood in the sense first mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconsistent with the foregoing.

MALONE.

The quality of the *voice* is referred to, as a criterion similar to that, already noticed, of the *hair*.

HENLEY.

148. ———her station] *Station*, in this instance, means the *act of standing*. So, in *Hamlet* :

"A *station* like the herald Mercury."

STEEVENS.

176. ———so harry'd him.] To *harry* is to use roughly. I meet with the word in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607 :

"He *harried* her, and midst a throng," &c.

Again,

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“Will *harry* me about instead of her.”

Holinshed, p. 735, speaking of the body of Richard III. says, it was “*harried* on horseback, dead.”

The same expression had been used by Harding in his *Chronicle*. Again, Nash in his *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: “—as if he were *harrying* and chasing his enemies.”

STEEVENS.

To *harry*, is, literally, to *hunt*. Hence the word *harrier*.—King James threatened the Puritans that “he would *harry* them out of the land.” In Mr. Steevens’s last quotation, perhaps, we should read *chasing*.

HENLEY.

194. *When the best hint was given him, he o’erlook’d, Or did it from his teeth.*] The first folio reads, *not look’d*. Dr. Thirlby advised the emendation which I have inserted in the text.

THEOBALD.

211. —*the mean time, lady, I’ll raise the preparation of a war Shall stain your brother;—*] That is, *shame, or disgrace* your brother.

JOHNSON.

217. —*Wars ’twixt you twain would be, &c.*] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion.

JOHNSON.

232. *rivalry.*] Equal rank.

JOHNSON.

235. *Upon his own appeal,*] To *appeal*, in Shakspeare,

spere, is to *accuse* ; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNSON.

238. *Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the other. Where's Antony ?*] This

is obscure, I read it thus :

*Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more,
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?*

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNSON.

246. — *More, Domitius ;*] I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence.

JOHNSON.

254. *I' the market-place,—*] So in the old translation of Plutarch. “ For he assembled all the people in the show place, where younge men doe exercise them selues, and there vpon a high tribunall siluered, he set two chayres of gold, the one for him selfe, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children : then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprvs, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria ; and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue Alexander
for

for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the contry : and vnto Ptolemy for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. STEEVENS.

261. For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*. JOHNSON.

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thomas North, in folio, 1597 *, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake.—“ First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Ægypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria.” FARMER.

265. — *he there* —] The old copy has *hither* Mr. Rowe corrected it. MALONE.

269. — *the goddess Isis*] So in the old translation of Plutarch : “ Now for Cleopatra, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddesse Isis, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new Isis.” STEEVENS.

319. *Which soon he granted,*

Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.]

Antony very soon complied to let Octavia go at her request, says Cæsar ; and why ? Because she was an

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated :

“ 'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,

“ That Latin French, that French to English straid :

“ Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,

“ Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France.”

FARMER.

abstract between his inordinate passion and him; this is absurd. We must read,

Being an obstruct 'twixt his lust and him.

i. e. his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's alteration is needless, and ought to be rejected, as perverting the sense. HENLEY.

329. Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the author did not much wish to be accurate.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to read:

“——Polemon and Amintas

“Of Lycaonia; and the king of Mede.”

And this obviates all impropriety. STEEVENS.

352. *Be of comfort*;] The old copy—*Best of comfort*. STEEVENS.

The connecting particle, *and*, seems to favour the old reading. According to the modern innovation (which was introduced by Mr. Rowe), it stands very awkwardly. “*Best of comfort*” may mean—*Thou best of comforters!* a phrase which we meet with again in *The Tempest*:

“A solemn air, and the *best comforter*

“To an unsettled fancy's cure!” MALONE.

359. —*potent regiment*—] *Regiment* is *government, authority*; he put his *power* and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNSON.

Regiment is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of the *Schola Salernitana* is called the *Regiment of Helth*.

Again, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597 :

" Or Hecate in Pluto's *regiment*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. ch. x.

" So when he had resign'd his *regiment*."

Trull is not employed in an unfavourable sense by G. Peele, in the song of *Coridon and Melampus*, published in *England's Helicon* :

" When swaines sweet pipes are puffed, and *trulls* are warme."

Again, in *Dametas's Jigge* in praise of his love, by John Wootton ; printed in the same collection :

" ——— be thy mirth seene ;

" Heard to each swaine, seene to each *trull*."

STEEVENS.

366. — *forspoke my being* —] To *forspeak*, is to contradict, to speak against, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

Thus, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1580 :

" — thy life *forspoke* by love."

To *forspeak* likewise signified to curse. So, in Drayton's *Epistle from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey* :

" Or to *forspeak* whole flocks as they did feed."

To *forspeak*, in the last instance, has the same power as to *forbid* in *Macbeth* :

" He

"He shall live a man *forbid*."

So to *forthink* meant anciently to *repent*.

"Therefore of it be not to boolde,

"Lest thou *forthink* it when thou art too olde."

Interlude of Youth, bl. let. no date.

And in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, B. I. to *forshape* is to *misshape*.

"Out of a man into a stone

"*Forshape*," &c.

To *forspeak* has generally reference to the mischiefs effected by enchantment. So in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, "—a witch, gossip to *forspeak* the matter thus." In Shakspeare it is the opposite of *bespeak*.

STEEVENS.

369. *Is't not denounc'd against us? &c.*] I would read,

"Is't not? *Denounce* against us, why should not we

"Be there in person?"—— TYRWHITT.

The old copy reads——

If not denounc'd against us, why, &c.

which may be right. If there is no particular denunciation against us, why should we not be there in person?—Or, with Mr. Tyrwhitt, we may read,

"If not, [*i. e.* if it be not fit,] *denounce*, &c.

MALONE.

391. *And take in Toryne?*] To *take in* is to gain by conquest.

STEEVENS.

407. —*muletteers*,—] The old copy reads *militer*s.

MALONE.

410. *Their ships are yare; your's heavy:—*] So, in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:—"Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*." *Yare* generally signifies *dexterous, manageable*. STEEVENS.

431. *Strange, that his power should be.*] It is strange that his *forces* should be there. So afterwards in this scene:

"His power went out in such distractions, as

"Beguil'd all spies."

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Before the which was drawn the power of Greece." MALONE.

434. —*my Thetis!*—] Antony addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition.

STEEVENS.

435. *O noble emperor, &c.*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Now, as he was setting his men in order of battel, there was a captaine, & a valliant man, that had serued Antonius in many battels & conflicts, & had all his body hacked and cut: who as Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him, and sayd: O, noble emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle shippes? what, doe you mistrust these woundes of myne, and this sword? let the Ægyptians and Phcenicians fight by sea, and set vs on the maine land, where we vse to conquer, or to be slayne on our feete. Antonius passed by him, and sayd neuer a word, but only beckoned to him

him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage himselfe.” STEEVENS.

442. *By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.*

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on't : ———] That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by right, or by reason. JOHNSON.

453. ——— *distractions* ———] Detachments; separate bodies. JOHNSON.

The word is thus used by Sir Paul Rycaut in his *Maxims of Turkish Polity*: “ ——— and not suffer his affections to wander on other wives, slaves, or *distractions of his love*.” STEEVENS.

472. *The Antoniad, &c.*] Which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.

478. *The greater cantle* ———] A piece, or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a corner. Cæsar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

The word is used by Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 3010:

“ Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing.” STEEVENS.

482. ——— *token'd* ———] Spotted. JOHNSON.

The death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, in seven acts,

1619: "A will and a tolling bell are as present death as God's tokens." Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"His sickness, madam, rageth like a plague

"Once spotted, never cur'd."

Again, in *Love's Labour Lost*:

"For the Lord's tokens on you both I see."

STEEVENS.

483. —*ribald*—] A luxurious squanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not understand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture. JOHNSON.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"——that injurious *riball* that attempts

"To vyolate my dear wyve's chastity."

Again:

"Injurious strumpet and thou *ribald* knave."

Ribaudred, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakspeare, who is not always very nice about his versification, might have written:

"Yon *ribald-rid nag of Ægypt*,—

i. e. Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow. It appears, however, from Barrett's *Alvearie*, 1580, that the word was sometimes written *ribaudrous*.

STEEVENS.

——Yon *ribald nag of Ægypt*,] I believe we should read—*hag*. What follows seems to prove it:

"——She once being looft,

"The noble ruin of her *magick*, Antony,

"Claps on his sea-wing."—— TYRWHITT.

K

The

The brieze, or cestrum, the fly that stings cattle; proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

Odd as this use of *nag* might appear to Mr. Tyrwhitt, *jade* is daily used in the same manner.

HENLEY.

484. *Whom leprosy o'ertake!—*] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line:

“*Contaminato cum grege turpium*

“*Morbo virorum.*”

JOHNSON.

Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was distinguished. So, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592: “Into what jeopardy a man will thrust himself for her that he loves, although for his sweete villanie he be brought to loathsome *leprosie*.”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Reed, on this occasion, cites Pliny, who after observing that *the white leprosy*, or *elephantiasis*, was not seen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, “It is a peculiar maladie, and *naturall to the Ægyptians*; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poore people: for then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they sate in the baine, filled with men's blood for their cure.” *Philemon Holland's Translation*, B. XXVI. ch. 1.

487. *The brize upon her,———*] *The brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in Spenser:

“——a brize,

“———a *brize*, a scorned little creature,

“Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten.”

STEEVENS.

492. ———*being loof*,] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch.

STEEVENS.

514. *The wounded chance of Antony.*—] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written :

The wounded chase of Antony.———

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. *I will*, says Enobarbus, *follow Antony*, though *chased* and *wounded*.

The common reading, however, may very well stand.

JOHNSON.

518. ———*so lated in the world*,———] Alluding to a benighted traveller.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*, act iii.

“Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace.”

STEEVENS.

539. ———*I have lost command*,] That is—I *intreat* you to leave me, because I have lost all power to *command* your absence.

STEEVENS.

551. ———*He, at Philippi, kept*

His sword even like a dancer,———] I believe it means, that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. There is a similar allusion in *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 1.

“——our mother, unadvis’d,

“Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your side.”

STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens’s explanation is the true one, appears from a passage in *All’s Well that Ends Well*. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says,

“I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

“Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

“Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn*,

“But one to *dance* with.”

MALONE.

554. ——and ’twas I,

That the mad Brutus ended :——] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroick love of one’s country and publick liberty, *madness*. WARBURTON.

555. ——he alone

Dealt on *lieutenantry*,——] I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony.

JOHNSON.

Dealt on lieutenantry, I believe, means only—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or on the strength of his lieutenants. So, in the countess of Pembroke’s *Antonie*, 1595 :

“——Cassius and Brutus ill betid,

“March’d against us, by us twice put to flight,

“But by my sole conduct ; for all the time,

“Cæsar heart-sick with fear and feaver lay.”

To

To *deal* on any thing, is an expression often used in the old plays. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"You will *deal upon* men's wives no more."

The prepositions *on* and *upon* are sometimes oddly employed by our ancient writers. So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

"That it amaz'd the *marchers*, to behold

"Men so ill arm'd *upon* their bows so bold."

Upon their bows must here mean *on the strength of their bows—relying on their bows*. Again, in *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. by Nashe, 1596: "At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intensively." Again, in *Othello*:

"*Upon* malicious bravery dost thou come

"To start my quiet."

Again, in *King Richard III*.

"—are they that I would have thee *deal upon*."

STEEVENS.

563. ————*death will seize her*; but

Your comfort, &c.] But has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except* or *unless*.

JOHNSON.

569. *How I convey my shame*——] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.

JOHNSON.

576. —*ty'd by the strings*] That is, by the *heart-string*.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1595:

"——as

“ ———— as if his soule

“ Unto his ladies soule had been *enchained*,

“ He left his men,” &c.

STEEVENS.

598. — *Thyraus*, —] in the old copy always—
Thidias.

STEEVENS.

599. ———— *his school-master* :] The name of this
person was *Euphronius*.

STEEVENS.

606. ———— *as petty to his ends*

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf

To his grand sea.] *His grand sea* may mean
his *full tide of prosperity*. So, in *The Two Noble Kins-*
men, by Fletcher and Shakspeare:

“ ———— though I know

“ His *ocean* needs not my poor drops, yet they

“ Must yield their tribute here.”

There is a play-house tradition, that the first act of
this play was written by Shakspeare. Mr. Tollet
offers a further explanation of the change proposed
by Mr. Tyrwhitt [*this*, for *his*.:] “ Alexandria, towards
which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of
the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called
mare magnum. Pliny terms it, “ *immensa aquorum vas-*
titas.” I may add, that Sir John Mandevile, p. 89,
calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the
coast of Palestine, “ *the grete see*.” The passage,
however, is capable of yet another explanation. *His*
grand sea may mean the sea from which the dew-drop
is exhaled. Shakspeare might have considered the
sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* is used
instead of *its*.

STEEVENS.

I believe

I believe the last is the right explanation.

HENLEY.

617. *The circle of the Ptolemies*——] The diadem ;
the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

636. ——*how Antony becomes his flaw* ;] That is,
how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his
fortune. JOHNSON.

641. *Think, and die.*] Read :

Drink, and die.

This reply of Enobarbus seems grounded upon a peculiarity in the conduct of Antony and Cleopatra, which is related by Plutarch : that, after their defeat at Actium, they instituted a society of friends, who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating, in the mean time, any part of their luxury, excess, and riot, in which they had liv'd before. HANMER.

Sir T. Hanmer reads :

Drink, and die.

And his emendation has been approved, it seems, by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton. Dr. Johnson, however, “has not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. *Think, and die* ;” says he, “that is, *Reflect on your own folly, and leave the world*, is a natural answer.” I grant it would be, according to this explanation, a very proper answer from a moralist or a divine ; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor the other. He is drawn as a plain, blunt soldier ; not likely, however, to offend so grossly in point of delicacy as Sir T. Hanmer’s alteration

ration would make him. I believe the true reading is :
Wink, *and die*.

When the ship is going to be cast away, in the *Seavoyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, act i. scene 1. and Aminta is lamenting, Tibalt says to her :

“ ——— Go, take your guilt

“ Prayer-book, and to your business ; *wink, and die* : ”

insinuating plainly, that she was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the same insinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra's desponding question.

TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading, which may be supported by the following passage in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ ——— all that he can do

“ Is to himself ; *take thought, and die* for Cæsar. ”

Mr. Tollet observes that the expression of *taking thought*, in our old English writers, is equivalent to *the being anxious or solicitous, or laying a thing much to heart*. So, says he, it is used in our translations of the New Testament, Matthew vi. 25, &c. So, in Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 50. or anno 1140 : “ ——— *taking thought* for the losse of his houses and money, he pined away and died. ” In the margin thus : “ The bishop of Salisburie *dieth of thought*. ” Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, anno 1508 : “ Christopher Hawis shortened his life by *thought-taking*. ” Again, in p. 546, edit. 1614. Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. I. p. 234 : “ ——— their mother

ther died *for thought*."—Mr. Tyrwhitt might have given additional support to the reading which he offers, from a passage in the second part of *King Henry IV*.

"——led his powers to death,

"And *winking* leapt into destruction."

STEEVENS.

After all that has been written upon this passage, I believe the old reading is right; but then we must understand *think*, and *die*, to mean the same as *die of thought*, or *melancholy*. In this sense is *thought* used below, act iv. scene 6. and by Holinshed, *Chron. of Ireland*, p. 97. "*His father lived in the Tower—where for thought of the young man his follie he died.*" There is a passage almost exactly similar in the *Beggar's Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Can I not *think away* myself, and die?"

TYRWHITT.

Think, and die:—

Consider what mode of ending your life is most preferable, and immediately adopt it.

HENLEY.

649. —— *he being*

The meered question:——] *The meered question* is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except,

The mooted question——

That is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*. JOHNSON.

L

So,

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, B. III.
1582 :

"Where to jointlye *meering* a cantel of Italye
neereth."

Barrett in his *Alvearie* or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580,
interprets a *meere-stone* by *lapis terminalis*. *Question* is
certainly the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1.

"——the king

"That was and is the *question* of these wars."

STEEVENS.

Meered may be a word of our author's own formation,
from *mere*. He being the *sole*, the entire subject of dispute.

MALONE.

670. ——his *gay* comparisons *apart*,

And answer me declin'd,———] I require

of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the
comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him,
but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age
or power.

JOHNSON.

To lay his gay comparisons apart,] I suspect Shakspeare wrote, his *gay caparisons*.

Let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of
power, *his coin, ships, legions, &c.* and meet me in
single combat.

Caparison is frequently used by our author and his
contemporaries, for an *ornamental dress*.

So, in *As You Like It*, act iii. scene 2.

"Though I am *caparison'd* like a man."——

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, act iv. scene 2.

"With die and drab I purchas'd this *caparison*."

The

The old reading is, however, supported by a passage in *Macbeth*:

“Till that Bellona’s bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with *self-comparisons*,
Point against point, rebellious.”

Dr. Johnson’s explanation of *declin’d* is certainly right. So in *Timon*:

“Not one accompanying his *declining* foot.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“———What the *declin’d* is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall.”

Again, in Daniel’s *Cleopatra*, 1593:

“Before she had *declining* fortune prov’d.”

MALONE.

674. ———*be stag’d to shew*——] So Goff, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631:

“———as if he *stag’d*

“The wounded Priam——” STEEVENS.

Be stag’d to shew, that is, *exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the publick gaze.*

HENLEY.

687. *The loyalty, well held to fools, &c.*] Eno-
barbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding
it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more repu-
table to be faithful to him, makes no positive con-
clusion.

JOHNSON.

701. ———*Cæsar entreats,*

Not to consider in what case thou stand’st

Further than he is Cæsar.] i. e. *Cæsar entreats,*
that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes,

L ij

you

you would consider he is Cæsar : That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them.

WARBURTON.

728. *Most kind messenger,*

Say to great Cæsar this, in disputation

I kiss his conqu'ring hand :—] *I kiss his hand in disputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy.—I confess my inability to *dispute* or *contend* with him. To *dispute* may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So in *Macbeth*, “*Dispute it like a man ;*” and Macduff, to whom this short speech is addressed, is *disputing* or contending with himself only. Again, in *Twelfth Night*.—“*For though my soul disputes well with my sense.*”

STEEVENS.

732. *Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath, &c —*] *Doom* is declared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*. I suppose we ought to read,

——*all-obeyed breath.*

JOHNSON.

Perhaps there is no need of change. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakspeare uses *longing*, a participle *active*, with a *passive* signification :

“*To furnish me upon my longing journey.*”

i. e. my journey *long'd* for.

In the *Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger, the active participle is yet more irregularly employed :

“*For the recovery of a strangling husband.*”

i. e. one that *was to be* strangled.

STEEVENS.

737.

737. —Give me grace—] Grant me the favour.

JOHNSON.

740. ———taking kingdoms in,] i. e. adding them to the Roman empire, and thence, figuratively, to conquer.

HENLEY.

751. Like boys unto a muss,——] i. e. a scramble.

POPE.

So used by Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetick Lady*:

“———nor are they thrown

“To make a *muss* among the gamesome suitors.”

Again, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“To see if thou be'st Alcumy or no,

“They'll throw down gold in *musses*.” STEEVENS.

771. By one that looks on feeders?] A feeder, or an eater, was anciently the term of reproach for a servant. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: “Bar my doors. Where are all my eaters? My mouths now? bar up my doors, my varlets.” One who looks on feeders, is one who throws away her regard on servants, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus in *Cymbeline*:

“———that base wretch,

“One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,

“The very scraps o' the court.” STEEVENS.

775. ———seel our eyes] This passage should rather be pointed thus: *seel our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgments.*

TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this punctuation. Formerly,

“———seel

——— *seel our eyes*

In our own filth ; &c.

STEEVENS.

793. *The horned herd,——*] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.

JOHNSON.

806. —— *thou say, &c.*] Thus in the old translation of Plutarch. “Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well fauouredly whipped, and so sent him vnto Cæsar : and bad him tell him that he made him angrie with him, bicause he shewed him self prowde and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike thee, said he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my infranchised bondmen with thee : hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quittance.”

STEEVENS.

817. —— *to quit me :——*] To repay me this insult ; to requite me.

JOHNSON.

832. —— *the next Cæsarion smite !*] Cæsarion was Cleopatra’s son by Julius Cæsar.

STEEVENS.

835. *By the discattering of this pelleted storm,*] This reading we owe first, I presume, to Mr. Rowe : and Mr. Pope has very faithfully fallen into it. The old folios read, *discandering* : from which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I saw, we must retrieve the word with which I have reformed the text.

THEOBALD.

842. —and float,——] This is a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,

——and fleet,—— JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. So in the tragedy of *Edward II.* by Marlow, 1622:

“This isle shall *fleet* upon the ocean.”

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“And envious snakes among the *fleeing* fish.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 7.

“And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth *fleet*.”

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with instances in support of this old reading, from Verstegan's *Restitution of decay'd Intelligence*; Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, and Spenser's *Colin Clout's come home again*.

STEEVENS.

The old reading should certainly be restored. *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1958, 2399, 4883.

TYRWHITT.

846. *I and my sword will earn my chronicle*;] The old copy reads, —our chronicle; which is right. *I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded*. Antony's boast has proved true. His sword is chronicled.

MALONE.

851. *Were nice and lucky*—] *Nice* seems to be, just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice*.

JOHNSON.

Nice is trifling.

STEEVENS.

854. —gaudy night.] This is still an epithet bestowed

stowed on feast days in the colleges of either university. STEEVENS.

Gawdy, or Grand days in the inns of court, are four in the year, Ascension-day, Midsummer-day, All-Saints-day, and Candlemas-day. REED.

864. ——— *The next time I do fight,*

I'll make death love me, for I will contend

Even with his pestilential scythe.] This idea seems to have been caught from the 12th book of Harrington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso*:

"Death goeth about the field rejoicing mickle,

"To see a sword that so surpast his sickle."

STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 5. [I HAVE many other ways to die:—] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal combat; but if we read,

He hath many other ways to die: mean time,

I laugh at his challenge.

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand; and received for answer, that he might find several other ways to end his life.*

UPTON.

I think

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by Sir T. Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one. "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so."

FARMER.

10. *Make boot of*——] Take advantage of.

JOHNSON.

28. ——*take all.*] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death.

JOHNSON.

52. ——*or if,*

A mangled shadow.] Or if you see me more, you will see me *a mangled shadow*, only the external form of what I was.

JOHNSON.

——*or if,*

A mangled shadow.] The thought is, as usual, taken from Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "So being at supper (as it is reported), he commanded his officers and household seruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could: for, said he, you know not whether you shall doe so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serue an other maister: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiuing that his frends and men fell a weeping

M

to

to heare him say so : to salue that he had spoken, he added this more vnto it, that he would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather safely to retorne with victorie, than valliantly to dye with honor."

STEEVENS.

59. *And the gods yield you for't ?*] i. e. *reward you*. See a note on *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 6. and another on *As You Like It*, act v. sc. 4.

STEEVENS.

62. — *onion-ey'd* :—] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON. So in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662 :

"I see something like a peel'd onion ;

"It makes me weep again." STEEVENS.

66. *Grace grow where those drops fall !*] So, in *King Richard II.*

"Here did she drop a tear ; here in this place,

"I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

STEEVENS.

72. — *death and honour*. —] That is, an honourable death.

UPTON.

86. *Peace, what noise ?*] So in the old translation of Plutarch : " Furthermore, the selfe same night within litle of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre : it is said that suddenly they heard a maruelous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instrumentes of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncing, and had song as they vse in Bacchus's feastes, with mouinges and turnings after the maner of the satyres : and it seemed that this daunce went through
the

the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare singular deuotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them." STEEVENS.

91. *It signs well, &c.*] *i. e.* it bodes well, &c.

STEEVENS.

111. *Nay, I'll help too.*] These three little speeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily disentangled by Sir T. Hamer.

JOHNSON.

118. *Briefly, sir.*] That is, *quickly*, sir. JOHNSON.

122. *To doff it*—] *To doff* is to *do off*, to put off.

STEEVENS.

132. —*have on their riveted trim*,] So, in *King Henry V.*

"The armourers accomplishing the knights,

"With busy hammers closing *rivets* up."

MALONE.

134. *The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!*] The speech, in the old copy, is erroneously given to Alexas.

STEEVENS.

151. Eros. *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, but to the soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land.

THEOBALD.

175. ——— *Dispatch, my Eros.*] Thus the modern editors. The old edition reads :

———— *Dispatch Enobarbus.*

Perhaps, it should be :

———— *Dispatch! To Enobarbus!* JOHNSON.

177. *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. WARBURTON.

182. *Shall bear the olive freely.*] *i. e.* shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture.

WARBURTON.

190. ——— *persuade*] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

199. *Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, he delt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatraes mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a little boate to go to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very sory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men:

men : and the same Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderstand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after.”

STEEVENS.

213. ——— *This blows my heart :*] All the latter editions have :

————— *This bows my heart :*

I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. *This generosity* (says Enobarbus), *swells my heart*, so that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a swifter mean.*

JOHNSON.

220. ——— *and our oppression*] *Oppression* for *op-*
position.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has received *opposition*. Perhaps rightly.

JOHNSON.

247. ——— *clip your wives,*————] To *clip* is to embrace.

STEEVENS.

251. *To this great fairy*————] Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer explain by *Inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty.

JOHNSON.

254. ——— *proof of harness,*————] *i. e.* armour of proof. *Harnois*, French. *Arneso*, Ital.

STEEVENS.

263. *Get goal for goal of youth.*————] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal*, is to be a superiour in a contest of activity.

JOHNSON.

269. ——— *it was a king's.*] So, in Sir. T. North's translation of Plutarch: “ Then came Antony again
to

to the palace greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold."

STEEVENS.

273. *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:]* i. e. *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them.

JOHNSON.

279. ————*tabourines;*] A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. let. no date: "Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minstrelsy."

STEEVENS.

283. ————*the court of guard:—*] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The expression occurs again in *Othello*.

STEEVENS.

299. ————*Throw my heart]* The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting.

JOHNSON.

317. *The hand of death hath raught him.] Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*.

STEEVENS.

318. *Hark, how the drums demurely—]* *Demurely* for solemnly.

WARBURTON.

331. *Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.] i. e. where we
may best discover their numbers, and see their motions.*

WARBURTON.

333. *But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall;—] But being
charg'd was a phrase of that time, equivalent to unless
we be, which the Oxford editor not understanding, he
has alter'd the line thus:*

Not being charg'd, we will be still by land,

“*But* (says Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Floddon*) signifies *without*,” in which sense it is often used in the North. “*Boots but spurs.*” Vulg. Again, in Kelly’s Collection of Scots proverbs: “—He could eat me *but* salt,” Again: “He gave me whittings *but* bones.” Again, in Chaucer’s *Persones Tale*, late edit. “Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, *but* he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon.” *But* is from the Saxon *Butan*. Thus *butan leas*; absque falso, without a lye.

STEEVENS.

341. —*the augurers]* The old copy has *auguries*. This leads us to what seems most likely to be the true reading—*augurers*, which word is used in the last act:

“You are too sure an *augurer*.” MALONE.

351. —*Triple-turn'd whore!—]* She was first for Julius Cæsar, then for Pompey the Great, and afterwards for Antony.

TOLLET.

That

That Dr. Johnson is mistaken in his explanation of this epithet, appears clearly from a former passage in this play :

“ ———I found thee as a morsel

“ On dead Cæsar’s trencher ; nay thou wert

“ A fragment of Cneius Pompey’s.” MALONE.

359. *That spaniel’d me at heels,—*] All the editions read :

That pannell’d me at heels,—

Sir T. Hanmer substituted *spaniel’d*. JOHNSON.

Spaniel’d is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel*. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *chear*, &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakspeare ; and in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, act ii. sc. 2. Helena says to Demetrius :

“ I am your *spaniel*—only give me leave,

“ Unworthy as I am, to *follow* you.” TOLIET.

363. —*this grave charm—*] I believe *grave charm* means *deadly*, or *destructive piece of witchcraft*. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer*. So, in the 19th book :

“ —but not far hence the fatal minutes are

“ Of thy *grave* ruin.”

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*.

STEEVENS.

365. ————*was my crownet, my chief end,*——] Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*. Chapman, in his translation of the second book of *Homer*, uses *crown* in the sense which my learned coadjutor would recommend:

“———all things have their *crowne*.”

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline*:

“My supreme crown of grief.” STEEVENS.

366. *Like a right gipsey, hath, at fast and loose, Beguil'd me, &c.*] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Ægyptian* into *gipsey*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Ægyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description: A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he hath so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the gypsies in the time of Shakspeare. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirm'd by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Cast*, by Tho. Freeman, 1614:

N

In

In Ægyptum suspensum. Epig. 95.

“ Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by jugling could
 “ Make *fast or loose*, or whatsoere he would ;
 “ Surely it seem’d he was not his craft’s master,
 “ Striving to loose what struggling he made
 faster :

“ The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
 “ Who knit what he could not unknit againe.
 “ You countrymen *Ægyptians* make such sots,
 “ Seeming to loose indissoluble knots :
 “ Had you been there, but to see the cast,
 “ You would have won, had you but laid—’tis
 fast.” STEEVENS.

367. —to the very heart of loss.—] To the ut-
 most loss possible. JOHNSON.

375. —most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor’st diminutives, for dolts ;—] I ra-
 ther believe we should read :

For poorest diminutives, TO DOLTS ;——

This aggravates the contempt of her supposed situa-
 tion ; to be shewn, as *monsters are*, not only for the
 smallest pieces of money, but to the most stupid and vulgar
 spectators. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this truly sensible emendation.

STEEVENS.

378. With her prepared nails.—] i. e. with
 nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose.

WARBURTON.

384.

384. *Let me lodge Lichas—*] The meaning is, Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules.

JOHNSON.

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,] This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says, Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate.

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare might have taken part of this imagery from Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"To see this wanton, with her bastard, blown

"And hang'd upon the high horns of the moon."

STEEVENS.

If Heywood's play was not published earlier than 1613, he might have borrowed from Shakspeare.

REMARKS.

390. *Than Telamon for his shield;—*] *i. e.* than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thes-saly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*.

STEEVENS.

391. *Was never so emboss'd.*] This word is thus explained in *Midas*, a comedy, 1592: "—when he was *imbost* he took soyle—when he *fomde* at the mouth with running, he went into the water."

HENLEY.

403. *Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish, &c.*] Perhaps our author was indebted for this thought to Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607:

Nij

"—like

“ ————like empty clouds,

“ In which our faulty apprehensions forge

“ The forms of dragons,” &c. MALONE.

409. *They are black vesper's pageants.*] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. WARTON.

412. *The rack dislimns ; ———]* i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEVENS.

415. *My good knave, Eros, ———]* *Knave* is servant. So, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hoode*, bl. let. no date :

“ I shall thee lende lyttle John my man,

“ For he shall be thy *knave*.”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. let. no date :

“ He sent the chylde to her full rathe

“ With much money by his *knave*.” STEEVENS.

Knave unquestionably signifies *servant*, but, in this instance, refers to the *knave* in a suite of cards.

HENLEY.

422. *Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory*

Unto an enemy's triumph. ———] Shakspeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject ; but has ennobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is *transferred* : thereby providing at once for the

the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph*, or the *triumphing sort*. WARBURTON.

This explanation is very just, the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. JOHNSON.

A passage in Ben Johnson's *Fortunate Isles*, a masque, I think sufficiently supports Dr. Warburton's etymology:

“The kings and queens that *triumph* in the cards.”

This use of the word comes to us from the French, who at this day call the *trump* at cards, *le triomphe*.

STEEVENS.

447. ————*thy continent*,] *i. e.* the thing that contains thee. So, in another of our author's plays: “You shall find in him the *continent* of what part a gentleman would see.”

STEEVENS.

456. ————*Seal then, and all is done.*——] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing completes the contract; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke. The Oxford editor not apprehending this, alters it to

———*sleep then,*———

WARBURTON.

I believe the reading is,

———*seel then, and all is done.*———

To *seel hawks*, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be :

———*since*

—since the torch is out,

Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does.—Seel then, and all is done.

Close thine eyes for ever, and be quiet. JOHNSON.

467. —————condemn myself, to lack

The courage of a woman, less noble mind

Than she,—————] According to

this reading, Antony is made to say, that he is destitute of even the courage of a woman; that he is *destitute* of a less noble mind than Cleopatra. But he means to assert the very contrary;—that he *has* a less noble mind than she. I therefore strongly incline to read:

—————condemn myself to lack

The courage of a woman; less noble-minded

Than she, &c.

The old copy has *minde*, so that there is only the addition of one letter.

MALONE.

483. —————pleach'd arms,——] Arms folded in each other.

JOHNSON.

A passage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's translation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, published in 1595:

“Now shalt thou march (thy hands fast bound behind thee)

“Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,

“Before the victor; while thy rebel son

“With crowned front triumphing follow thee.”

STEEVENS.

484. *His corrigible neck,——]* *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has "*penetrabile frigus*," for "*penetrans frigus*," in his *Georgicks*.

STEEVENS.

487. *His basenes that ensued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed.

JOHNSON.

493. *When I did make thee free, &c.]* So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loued and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, lift it vp as though he had ment to haue striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maister's foote. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valliantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a litle bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a litle when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to him selfe againe, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: vntill at last there came a secretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was
aliue,

aliue, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was carried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

498. — *the worship of the whole world* —] The worship, is the dignity, the authority. JOHNSON.

515. — *But I will be*

A bridegroom in my death, &c.] This thought has occurred before in *Measure for Measure* :

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in my arms.

STEEVENS.

Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the earl of Essex's associates, says, that "having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, *rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death*, he prayed very devoutly." Our author might have recollected the passage. MALONE.

547. *She had dispos'd with Cæsar.*] To *dispose*, in this instance, perhaps signifies *to make terms, to settle matters.* STEEVENS.

576. *O sun,*

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — darkling stand

The varying shore o' the world! —] She desires the sun to *burn* his own orb, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. JOHNSON.

577. — *darkling* —] *i. e.* without light.

STEEVENS.

588. *I here importune death —*] I *solicit* death to delay; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him in waiting.

JOHNSON.

The

The old copy thus arranges the lines that follow :

I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,

Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not

Lest I be taken.

I believe, the compositor omitted a word at the end of the third line, and would read :

I dare not, dear

(Dear my lord, pardon), I dare not *descend*,

Lest I be taken.

MALONE.

595. *Be brooch'd with me ;] Be brooch'd, i. e. adorn'd.*

A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." Again, in his *Staple of News* :

"The very *brooch* o' the bench, gem of the city."

Again, in the *Magnetick Lady* :

"The *brooch* to any true state cap in Europe."

The Rev. Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical *History of Flodden Field*, that *brooches* in the North are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped.

STEEVENS.

——be *brooch'd* with me.

Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is, perhaps, used at present, or, as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now say *pin up the basket* ;

O

brooch'd

brooch'd with me, i. e. pinned up, completed with having me to adorn his triumph. PERCY.

A *brooch* is always an *ornament*; whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat, or hair, or whatever other shape it may assume. A *broach* is a spit: the spires of churches are likewise so called in the northern counties, as Darnton *broach*. *Brooch'd*, in the text, certainly means *adorn'd*, as it has been properly explained by Mr. Steevens. REMARKS.

595. — *if knife, drugs, serpents, have*
Edge, sting, or operation.] Here is the same irregular position of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet*: and yet Shakspeare seems to have attended to this matter in the very play before us, act iii. sc. 2. TOLLET.

This thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
“Unty'd I still my virgin knot will keepe.”

STEEVENS.

598. — *still conclusion;*—] Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution. JOHNSON.

602. *Here's sport, indeed!*—] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's trifling, you do not work in earnest.* JOHNSON.

610. *Quicken with kissing*—] That is, *Revive by my kiss.* JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *Royal King*, &c. 1637:

“And quickens most where he would most destroy.”

STEEVENS.

614. *Give me some wine, &c.*] This circumstance, like almost every other, Shakspeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Thomas North, in his translation, says,—“Antony made her cease from lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayed her, and persuaded that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possibly, without reproache and dishonour: and that she should chiefly trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar.”

STEEVENS.

616. —*huswife Fortune*—] ‘This despicable line has occurred before.

JOHNSON.

625. *The miserable change, &c.*] This speech stands thus in Sir Thomas North’s translation of Plutarch:—“As for himself, she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman, by another Roman.”—

STEEVENS.

640. *The soldier’s pole*—] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation.

JOHNSON.

650. The common copies,

Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. *No more but a mere woman,*—]

Cleopatra is fallen into a swoon; her maids endeavour

O ij

to

to recover her by invoking her by her several titles. At length Charmian says to the other, *Peace, peace, Iras*; on which Cleopatra comes to herself, and replies to these last words, *No, you are mistaken. I am a mere woman like yourself.* Thus stands this senseless dialogue. But Shakspeare never wrote it so; we must observe then, that the two women call her by several titles, to see which best pleased her; and this was highly in character: the ancients thought that not only men, but gods too, had some names, which above others they much delighted in, and would soonest answer to; as we may see by the hymns of Orpheus, Homer, and Callimachus. The poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids say, *Sovereign lady, madam, royal Ægypt, empress.* And now we come to the place in question: Charmian, when she saw none of these titles had their effect, invokes her by a still more flattering one;

Peace, peace, ISIS!

for so it should be read and pointed: *i. e.* Peace, we can never move her by these titles: let us give her the favourite name of the goddess ISIS. And now Cleopatra's answer becomes pertinent and fine:

No more but a mere woman; and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks—

i. e. I now see the folly of assuming to myself these flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman, and subject to all the passions of the meanest of my species.

WARBURTON.

Of

Of this note it may be truly said, that it at least deserves to be right; nor can he, that shall question the justness of the emendation, refuse his esteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is proposed.

Hanmer had proposed another emendation, not injudiciously. He reads thus:

Iras. Royal Egypt! empress!

Cleo. Peace, peace, Iras.

No more, but a mere woman, &c.

That is, *no more an empress, but a mere woman.*

It is somewhat unfortunate that the words, *mere woman*, which so much strengthen the opposition to either *empress* or *Isis*, are not in the original edition, which stands thus:

No more but in a woman, &c.

Mere woman was probably the arbitrary reading of Rowe. I suppose, however, that we may justly change the ancient copy thus:

No more, but e'en a woman,

which will enough accommodate either of the editors.

I am inclined to think that she speaks abruptly, not answering her woman, but discoursing with her own thoughts:

No more—but e'en a woman,

I have no more of my wonted greatness, but am even a woman, on the level with other women; were I what I once was,

——It were for me

To throw my sceptre, &c.

If this simple explanation be admitted, how much labour

labour has been thrown away. *Peace, peace, Iras*, is said by Charmian, when she sees the queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome. JOHNSON.

653. ————*the meanest chares*.——] *i. e.* task-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*." Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"—————spins,

"Cards, and does *chare-work*."——

STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 2. *BEING* so frustrated,——] The old copy reads not *frustrated*, but *frustrate*. So in the *Tempest*:

"—————and the sea mocks

"Our *frustrate* search on land." MALONE.

2. —————*he mocks*

The pauses that he makes.] *i. e.* he plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation. Or the meaning may be—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without resource, tell him, that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up to me are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauses*, may be a licentious mode of expression for—*he makes a mockery of us by these pauses*; *i. e.* he trifles with us.

STEEVENS.

4. Dol.

4. Dol. *Cæsar, I shall.*] I make no doubt but it should be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine he should presently depart upon Cæsar's command; so that the speeches placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that Dolabella should be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business.

THEOBALD.

18. ——— *The round world*

Should have shook lions into civil streets, &c.] I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: *The round world should have shook*, and this great alteration of the system of things should send *lions into streets, and citizens into dens*. There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent.

JOHNSON.

I believe we should read—*The ruin'd world, i. e.* the general disruption of elements should have *shook*, &c. Shakspeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might be expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions should be lost. To *shake* any thing out is a phrase in common use among our ancient writers. So Holinshed, p. 743:—“God's providence *shaking* men out of their shifts of supposed safetie,” &c.

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the *round world* was to be so violent, as to

toss

toss the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

18. — *The round world*—] The defective metre of this line strongly supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture, *that something is lost*. I believe only two words are wanting. Perhaps the passage originally stood thus :

A greater crack. The round world should have shook,

Thrown raging lions into civil streets,

And citizens to their dens.— MALONE.

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider *shook* (more properly *shaken*) as the participle past of a verb *active*. The metre would be improved if the lines were distributed thus :

— *The round world should have shook*

Lions into civil streets, and citizens

Into their dens.

TYRWHITT.

32. ———— *but it is a tidings*

To wash the eyes of kings.] That is, *May the gods rebuke me, if this be not tidings to make kings weep.*

But, again, for if not.

JOHNSON.

38. *Waged equal with him.*] For *waged*, the modern editions have *weighed*. JOHNSON.

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello* it occurs again :

“ To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.”

It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, *his taints and honours were an equal match ; i. e. were opposed*

posed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager.

STEEVENS.

45. ——— *But we do lance*

Diseases in our bodies.] The old copy reads :

——— *But we do launch*

Diseases in our bodies.

Perhaps rightly—and the meaning may be: “I have followed thee to the death. But why do I lament thy fall? We are all mortal. Our fate is predestin’d at our birth; and when we *launch* on the sea of life, the principles of decay are interwoven with our constitution.”

MALONE.

56. ——— *should divide*

Our equalness to this.———] That is, *should have us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

JOHNSON.

61. *A poor Egyptian yet ; the queen my mistress, &c.]* If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is *yet an Egyptian*, that is, *yet a servant of the queen of Egypt*, though soon to become a subject of Rome.

JOHNSON.

69. ——— *for Cæsar cannot live*

To be ungentle.] The old copy has *leave*. Mr. Pope, I believe, made this emendation.

MALONE.

76. ——— *her life in Rome*

Would be eternal in our triumph :———] Hammer reads judiciously enough, but without necessity :

Would be eternalling our triumph :

The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten ; but if I send her in triumph to Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.*

JOHNSON.

P.

The

The following passage in the *Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem, 1614, will sufficiently support the old reading :

“ If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall,

“ For her to hide herself *eternal in*.” STEEVENS.

93. ——— *fortune’s knave,*] The *servant of fortune*.

JOHNSON.

94. ———— *and it is great*

To do that thing that ends all other deeds;

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,

The beggar’s nurse and Cæsar’s.——] The ac-

tion of suicide is here said, *to shackle accidents, to bolt up change; to be the beggar’s nurse and Cæsar’s*. So far the description is intelligible. But when it is said, that *it sleeps, and never palates more the dung*, we find neither sense nor propriety; which is occasioned by the loss of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the last word in the fourth. We should read the passage thus :

——— *and it is great*

To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;

[*Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose*]

(*Which sleeps, and never palates more the dugg :*)

The beggar’s nurse, and Cæsar’s.

That this line in hooks was the substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest: which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature*

nature to repose (which now sleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments), and is equally the nurse of Cæsar and the beggar.

WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the loss of a line, nor the need of an emendation. The commentator seems to have entangled his own ideas; his supposition that *suicide* is called *the beggar's nurse and Cæsar's*, and his concession that the position is *intelligible*, shew, I think, a mind not intent upon the business before it. The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a state,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,

The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Which has no longer need of the gross and terene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt; but perturbation in such a state is surely natural.

JOHNSON.

It has been already said in this play, that

“——our *dungy* earth, alike

“Feeds man as beast.”——

And Mr. Tollet observes, “that in *Herodotus*, B. III. the Æthiopian king, upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, That he was not at all surprised, if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life.” Shakspeare has the same epithet in *The Winter's Tale*:

Pij

“——the

“——the face to sweeten

“Of the whole *dungy* earth.”——

Again, in *Timon*:

“——the earth’s a thief

“That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen.

“From general *excrement*.” STEEVENS.

120. ——*that* will pray in aid *for kindness*,] *Praying in aid* is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.

HANMER.

123. ——*send him*

The greatness he has got.——] I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON.

130. Char. *You see how easily she may be surpris’d.*] Here Charmian, who is so faithful as to die with her mistress, by the stupidity of the editors is made to countenance and give directions for her being surprised by Cæsar’s messengers. But this blunder is for want of knowing, or observing, the historical fact. When Cæsar sent Proculeius to the queen, he sent Gallus after him with new instructions: and while one amused Cleopatra with propositions from Cæsar, through the crannies of the monument, the other scaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and those with her, prisoners. I have reformed the passage therefore (as, I am persuaded, the author designed it); from the authority of Plutarch.

THEOBALD.

This

This line in the first edition is given not to Charmian, but to Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps misplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing speech:

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

[Aside to Gallus.] *You see, how easily she may be surpris'd.*

Then while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer:

——— *your plight is pity'd*

Of him that caus'd it.

Cries out:

Guard her 'till Caesar come.

JOHNSON.

138. ——— *languish?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. scene. 2.

“One desperate grief cure with another’s *languish.*”

STEEVENS.

140. ——— *our* ———] The folio reads *my*. MALONE.

146. *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes and beggars.*

JOHNSON.

149. *If idle talk will once be necessary,*] This nonsense should be reformed thus:

If idle time will once be necessary.

i. e. if *repose* be necessary to cherish life, I will not sleep.

WARBURTON.

I do not see that the nonsense is made sense by the change. Sir T. Hanmer reads,

If idle talk will once be accessary.

Neither

Neither is this better. I know not what to offer better than an easy explanation ; that is, *I will not eat*, and *if it will be necessary now for once* to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, *I will not sleep neither*. In common conversation we often use *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine first. JOHNSON.

Once may mean *sometimes*. Of this use of the word I have already given instances, both in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *K. Henry VIII*. The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this : If *idle talking* be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *sleep* for fear of *talking idly in my sleep*.

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary to talk of performing possibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither. STEEVENS.

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither :—] I suspect our author wrote,

I'll not speak neither.

MALONE.

160. *My country's high pyramids my gibbet,*] The poet seems to have designed we should read—*pyramides*, Lat. instead of *pyramids*, and so the folio reads. The verse will otherwise be defective. Thus, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604 :

“ Besides the gates and high *pyramides*

“ That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.”

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590 :

“ Like to the shadows of *pyramides*.”

Again,

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. XII. c. 73.

"The theaters, *pyramides*, the hills of half a mile." Mr. Tollet observes, "that Sandys in his *Travels*, as well as Drayton in the 26th song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *pyramides* as a quadrisyllable. STEEVENS.

186. *A sun and moon; which kept their course, and lighted*

The little O, the earth.

Dol. *Most sovereign creature!—*] What a blessed limping verse these *hemistichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a single letter. I restore,

The little O o' th' earth.

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet, in other passages, chooses to express himself thus. THEOBALD.

190. ————his voice was property'd

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder.] So, in our au-

thor's *Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,

"For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free,

"Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm

"As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,

"When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be." MALONE.

191. ———and *that to friends*;] Thus the old copy.

STEEVENS.

193. ————*For his bounty,*

There was no winter in't; an Antony it was,

That grew the more by reaping:———] There

was certainly a contrast, both in the thought and terms, designed here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an Antony grow the more by reaping; I'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty.

—————*For his bounty,*

There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,

That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book. THEOBALD.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from B. Jonson's *New Inn*, on the subject of liberality.

“He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;

“Then show'ed his bounties on me, like the
hours

“That open-handed sit upon the clouds,

“And press the liberality of heaven

“Down to the laps of thankful men.”

STEEVENS.

199. *As plates———]* *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“*What's the price of this slave, 200 crowns?——*

“*And if he has, he's worth 300 plates.*”

Again:

Again:

“Rat’st thou this Moor but at 200 *plates*?”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens justly interprets *plates* to mean silver money. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If *Gules*, or red, they are called *Torteauxes*; if, *Or*, or yellow, *Bezants*; if *Argent*, or white, *Plates*, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp.

So Spenser, *Faery Queen*, l. ii. c. 7. 5.

“Some others were new driven, and distent

“Into great ingoes, and to wedges square;

“Some in round plates withouten moniment.”

WHALLEY.

207. ———yet, to imagine

An Antony, were nature’s piece ’gainst fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.] The word *piece*, is

a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could present in sleep.

JOHNSON.

To *vie* was a term at cards.

STEEVENS.

214. ———shoots] The old copy reads——*suites*.

STEEVENS.

236. *I cannot project mine own cause so well*] To *project* a cause is to represent a cause; to *project* it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence. JOHNSON.

Q

The

The old reading may be the true one. Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79. says: "I have chosen Ajax for the *project* of this discourse."

STEEVENS.

262. ——— *seal my lips*, ———] Sew up my mouth.

JOHNSON.

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *seal* hawks was the technical term.

STEEVENS.

276. *O rarely base!*] i. e. base in an uncommon degree.

STEEVENS.

278. *O Casar, &c.*] This speech of Cleopatra is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it stands as follows: "O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate, and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me. Though it may be that I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal; but meaning to give some pretty presents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me," &c.

STEEVENS.

281. *To one so meek*, —] *Meek*, I suppose, means here, *tame*, subdued by adversity. So, in the parallel passage in Plutarch:—"poor wretch, and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate——."

Cleopatra

Cleopatra in any other sense was not eminent for meekness.

MALONE.

282. *Parcel the sum of my disgraces by] To parcel her disgraces*, might be expressed in vulgar language, to bundle up her calamities.

JOHNSON.

293. *Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits*

Through the ashes of my chance:—] Thus

Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 3180 :

“ Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken.”

And thus (as the learned editor of the *Cant. Tales* has observed) Mr. Gray in his *Church-Yard Elegy* :

“ Even in our *ashes* live their wonted fires.”

Mr. Gray refers to the following passage in the 169 (171) sonnet of *Petrarch*, as his original :

“ *Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,*

“ *Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi*

“ *Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.*”

Edit. 1564. p. 271.

STEEVENS.

296. *Be it known, that we the greatest are misthought*

For things that others do; and when we fall,

We answer others' merits, in our names

Are therefore to be pitied.] This false pointing

has rendered the sentiment, which was not very easy at best, altogether unintelligible. The lines should be pointed thus :

Be't known, that we, the greatest, are misthought

For things that others do. And when we fall

We answer. Others' merits, in our names

Are therefore to be pitied.] i. e. *We monarchs, while*

Qij

in

in power, are accused and blamed for the miscarriages of our ministers ; and when any misfortune hath subjected us to the power of our enemies, we are sure to be punished for those faults. As this is the case, it is but reasonable that we should have the merit of our ministers' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad. But she softens the word *merit* into *pity*. The reason of her making the reflection was this: her former conduct was liable to much censure from Octavius, which, she would hereby artfully insinuate, was owing to her evil ministers. And as her present conduct, in concealing her treasures, appeared to be her own act, she being detected by her minister ; she begs, that as she now answers for her former minister's miscarriages, so her present minister's merit in this discovery might likewise be placed to her account : which she thinks but reasonable. The Oxford editor is here again at his old work of altering what he did not understand, and so transforms the passage thus :

— *and when we fall,*

We pander others' merits with our names ;

And therefore to be pitied.

WARBURTON.

The sense of the author may be explained thus :

We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do ; and when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure.

If

If any alteration be necessary, I should only propose,

Be't known, that we at greatest, &c. JOHNSON.

306. *Make not your thoughts your prisons :—*] That is, *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.* JOHNSON.

344. ————*scald rhimers*] *Scald* was a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth.

JOHNSON.

345. ————*quick comedians*] The gay inventive players.

JOHNSON.

349. ————*boy my greatness,*] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys.

HANMER.

Nash, in *Pierce Pennylesse* his *Supplication*, &c. 1595, says, "Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts," &c. To obviate this impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the *Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character.

STEEVENS.

357. *Their most absurd intents.—*] The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail.

JOHNSON.

372. ————*now the fleeting moon*

No planet is of mine.] Cleopatra having said, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that she had not even the changes of disposition peculiar to the sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently

frequently as those of the moon; or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. So, in *Richard III.*—

“I being govern’d by the watry moon,” &c.

Fleeting is inconstant. So, in Green’s *Metamorphosis*, 1617:——“to shew the world she was not *fleeting*.”

STEEVENS.

376. —the pretty worm of Nilus—] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent*; we have the *blind worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the *sea-worm*.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“Those coals the Roman Portia did devour,

“Are not burnt out, nor have th’ Ægyptian
worms

“Yet lost their stings.”

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:

“——I’ll watch for fear

“Of venomous *worms*.”

STEEVENS.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland balled, entitled, *The laidly Worm of Spindleston Heughes, i. e.* The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleston Craggs; certain rocks so called near Bamburgh Castle.

Shakspeare uses *worm* again in the same sense. See the Second Part of *King Henry VI.*

“The mortal *worm* might make the sleep eternal.”

PERCY.

Again, in the old version of the *New Testament*,
Acts

ACTS xxviii.—“Now when the barbarians sawe the
worme hang on his hand,” &c. TOLLET.

388. *But he that will believe all that they say, shall
never be saved by half that they do.*] Shakspeare’s clowns
are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain
this must be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half*
change places. WARBURTON.

Probably Shakspeare designed that confusion which
the critick would disentangle. STEEVENS.

396. — *will do his kind.*] The serpent will act
according to his nature. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood’s *If you know not Me you know No-
body*, 1633:

“Good girls, they *do their kind*.”

Again, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr
Tryamour*, no date:

“He *dyd full gentlylly his kinde*.” STEEVENS.

417. *Yare, yare,*—] *i. e.* make haste, be nimble,
be ready. Some instances of the use of the word
have been already given. STEEVENS.

427. — *Dost fall?*] Iras must be supposed to
have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was
settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall
so soon. STEEVENS.

437. *He’ll make demand of her;*] He will inquire of
her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intel-
ligence. JOHNSON.

442. ———— *ass*

Unpolicy’d!] *i. e.* an ass *without more policy*
than to leave the means of death within my reach, and
thereby

thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration.

STEEVENS.

447. *That sucks the nurse asleep ?*] Before the publication of this piece, *The Tragedy of Cleopatra*, by Daniel, 1599, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakspeare. Daniel has the following lines:

“Better than death death’s office thou dischargest,

“That with one gentle touch can free our
breath;

“And in a pleasing sleep our soul enlargest,

“Making ourselves not privy to our death.—

“Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder
chief,

“That open canst with such an easy key

“The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief,

“That from ourselves so steal’st ourselves
away.”

Dryden says on the same occasion:

“—Welcome, thou kind deceiver!

“Thou best of thieves; who with an easy key

“Dost open life, and, unperceiv’d by us,

“Even steal us from ourselves: Discharging so

“Death’s dreadful office better than himself,

“Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,

“That death stands by, deceiv’d by his own
image,

“And thinks himself but sleep.” STEEVENS.

450. *O Antony! nay, I will take thee too :]* As there has been hitherto no break in this verse, nor any marginal

ginal direction, *thee* necessarily must seem to refer to Antony. But Cleopatra is here designed to apply one aspick to her arm, as she had before clapp'd one to her breast. And the last speech of Dolabella in the play is a confirmation of this.

The like is on her arm.

THEOBALD.

452. *In this wild world?—*] Thus the old copy. I suppose she means by this *wild* world, this world which, by the death of Antony, is become a *desert* to her. A *wild* is a desert. Our author, however, might have writtten *vild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient spelling) for worthless.

STEEVENS.

456. —*Your crown's awry* ;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had,

—————*Your crown's away.*

JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1599 :

“ And senseless, in her sinking down, she *wryes*

“ The diadem which on her head she wore ;

“ Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espyes,

“ And hastes to right it as it was before ;

“ For Eras now was dead.”

STEEVENS.

497. —*something blown* :] The flesh is somewhat *puffed* or *swoln*.

JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Beuys* of Hampton, bl. let. no date :

“ That with venim upon him throwen,

“ The knight lay then to-*blowen*.”

Again, in the romance of *Syr Isenbras*, bl. let. no date :

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“ With

thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration.

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R

“ With

"With adders all your bestes ben slaine,

"With venyme are they *blowe*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetick Lady*:

"——What is *blown*, puffed? speak English.—

"Tainted an' please you, some do call it.

"She *swells* and so *swells*," &c. STEEVENS.

504. ——*conclusions infinite*] *i. e.* numberless experiments. MALONE.

THE END.



